

HIT PARADER

(DON'T MISS
CAT MOTHER
AND THE ALL NIGHT
NEWS BOYS)

35c

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

OCTOBER 1969

AN INTERVIEW WITH RINGO

EXCLUSIVE
ALL THE
WORDS
TO
HIT SONGS

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MOODY WOMAN

NO MATTER WHAT SIGN
YOU ARE

TOMORROW, TOMORROW

LOVE ME TONIGHT

CRYSTAL BLUE
PERSUASION

THE APRIL FOOLS

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GET YOU DOWN

I THREW IT ALL AWAY

LOVE • LET ME
SPINNING WHEEL

BLACK PEARL • ONE

I WANNA TESTIFY

ALONG CAME JONES

STRUGGLING MAN

MY CHERIE AMOUR

WHY I SING THE BLUES

I WANT TO TAKE YOU
HIGHER

I TURNED YOU ON

PLUS:

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PENTANGLE
JERRY LEE
LEWIS
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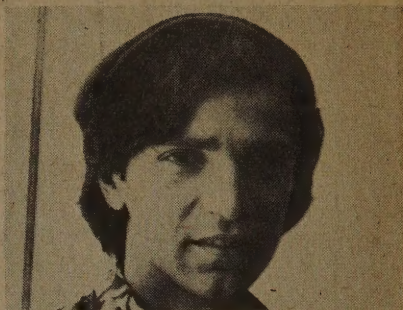
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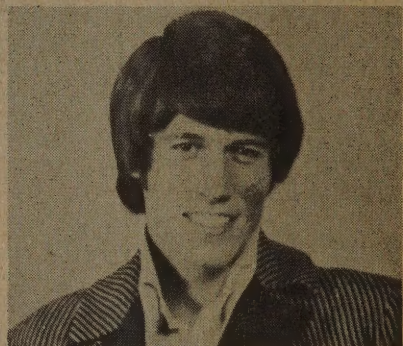
PARADE OF SONG HITS

• SEE



By The Rascals

• TOMORROW TOMORROW



By The Bee Gees

• NO MATTER WHAT SIGN YOU ARE



By The Supremes

**OVER 35
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.....
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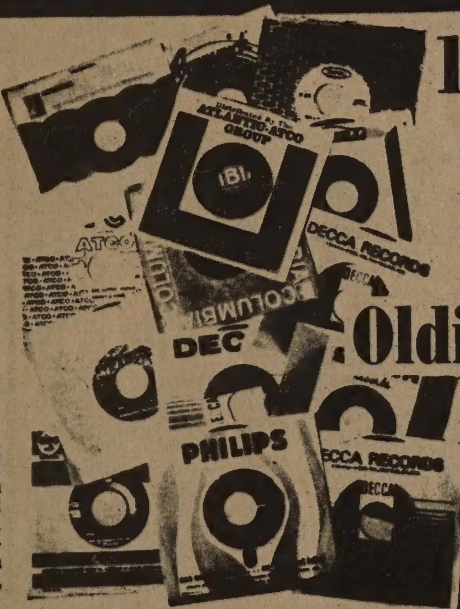
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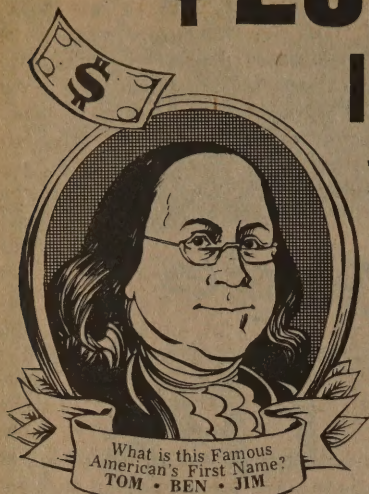
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by Henry Vestine of Canned Heat

Collecting records is a good way to occupy your time while you're on the road. Sometimes, you get lucky and hit some old 78's from the 1920's and 1930's in a Salvation Army store but lately I've really been into improving my collection of R&B 45's from the early 50's.

We've been playing almost all one-nighters lately, so there's been little time to look. However, when we have at least a couple of days in a town, some of the time will be spent hunting records. Some old R&B 45's have become very rare. It seems like just a few years ago you were listening to them on the radio and the junk shops should be overflowing with them. Such is not the case at all.

A yellow Atlantic label from 1952 is 19 years old now. Over these years, most of them have managed to be thrown away, burned, or, in some way, cease to exist. Collectors have made record-hunting trips to almost all cities. Thusly, the record shops and juke-box operators have been stripped of their blue Imperials and silver-topped Federals. First to go were the group records, then the blues, and finally, the straight R&B.

So, now that everything easily apparent has been gutted, the task of locating any of these old 45's has become much more difficult. It is very satisfying to locate a catch nowadays that somebody else missed. The other day, Bob and I found a pretty good bunch at an old record shop in St. Louis. I got a Club 51 by the 4 Buddies, "Cindy"



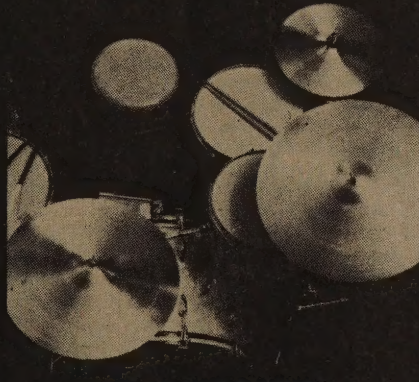
by the Squires on Mambo, an Onyx record by the Pearls and about 50 others. We spent the rest of the afternoon risking our lives by following leads to record stores and junk shops all over St. Louis and across the river in East St. Louis, Ill. We didn't find any more records. We found another nice stock down in San Diego a few weeks back — lots of old Kings, Atlantics, Federals, etc. We bought several hundred there. Recently, we had three days off between gigs in Philadelphia (we bought a couple hundred from a guy there who had broken up his collection) and Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Alan and I flew to Shreveport, rented a car, and drove a thousand miles in Louisiana and Mississippi in search of the elusive 45. The best bunch we found was in Minden, La. They had some things by Professor Longhair, the Spiders, etc. We found a few more in Natchez, Miss. and New Orleans. We also bought some current Cajun singles in Alexandria, La. All in all, it was a pretty bleak trip record-wise but we saw a lot of pine trees, which pleased Alan. At any rate, the search continues, and one's chances are getting worse by the hour, but I still dream at night of finding a warehouse in the country somewhere stacked to the ceiling with those beautiful, maroon, blue, and yellow labels. □

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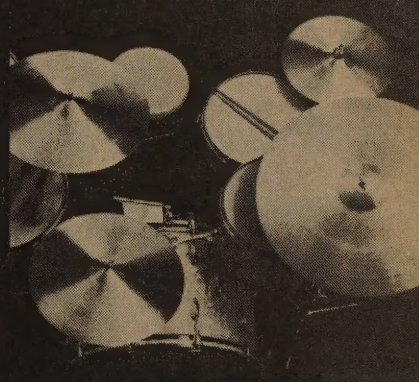
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Dear Editor:

This is an objection to an article written in your review of the Beatles album "The Beatles". Smith gave the Beatles greatest achievements a good review but he ignores the truly great art and philosophy used in "Revolution Number Nine" which is a revolutionary piece in itself. It is neither a song or an instrumental. Smith says it is a pimple on the face of the album and that it has no connection with the great "Revolution 1". The track is eight minutes and fifteen seconds long. I've heard other long batches of noise such as Hendrix' "1938", or Cream's "Toad" or even Canned Heat's "Refried Boogie". They all use great sound effects along with a tune, with the exception of "Toad." "Revolution 9" is a very strange, complex and phenomenal piece of music. After examining it thoroughly this is my review. As for it having nothing to do with "Revolution 1", this is absurd. "No 9" seems to illustrate "Revolution." It is the greatest achievement in the art of sound I've ever heard, and by far much better illustrates the "Revolution" in fantastic stereo effects. It starts with a rousing tune of someone calling out "Can you take me back?, Where are people?, Brother can you take me back?" Like the start of a beautiful dream or a horrible nightmare. It is both. Then you hear a voice which will become very familiar all through the album. A man saying over and over "Number nine, number nine." Then the whole effect comes on and clashing orchestras, crying babies, car horns, screams, war mix together in a fantastic jumble of sound. It is blended masterfully and then the little bits of the world's revolution start to fall into place.

Car horns scream endlessly as the clattering feet of panicking people rush to the scene of an accident. During this you hear a baby playing and giggling as if nothing is going on. This is done very well with the wreck at one end of the stereo speakers and the baby at the other.

"Number Nine" comes in again as another episode starts.

Next you hear a piano playing tuneless tunes as two old men tell of how you get a little bit older and a little bit slower.

Then comes the heaviness but it fades and a new dimension is added to the story. It gets more complicated both storywise and soundwise.

You hear thousands of monks and a huge choir chanting some hymn during a riot. You distinctively hear the word "Riot," and the sound of fists smashing against bodies. The stereo effect is used again with the choir at one end, the riot at the other.

Then massive sounds like that of the music on a carousel come in and you can hear birds singing as someone screams "all right," and makes a hideous noise as if he is in agony.

Number nine breaks through and you feel as if you are swallowed up in thousands of people applauding and orchestras booming out. Once more you hear the monks and then hear fire raging. This part is very effective.

Number nine comes again as heavy music engages in a terrible war on some distant battlefield. You can hear the sweet sounds of the chorus in the background, but you feel as if there is no escape. You feel trapped as bullets ring and bombs explode in a huge nightmare. As the end draws near you hear the Number Nine fade as everything comes together in an overwhelming world of noise. The guns, the cars, the orchestras, everything all in one. It is a little bit like "I Am The Walrus" and it's end or the scale in "A Day In The Life" but a hundred times overpowering with a completely different and ever-changing style. You feel as if you're body is being stripped apart and it gets very frightening, really. Then it slowly fades as you hear a piano and a little girl saying "You become naked." It seems as though all through this end bit she has been talking but the terror and war and pain is too busy to listen. I caught words like "good" and "flowers" she said but when it all ends she professes after you do take off this weight you are naked.

The last is a football game illustrating people today. At first the yell "Hold that line." "Hold that line," then they make a touchdown so they say "Block that kick." In other words, "don't give up." It all ends like a dream that very vividly describes our revolution going on today.

It seems that Smith is either an idiot or very shortsighted. If I was a critic, I wouldn't write on anything except what I know and I would study it. I also noticed in the review other mistakes.

One thing still puzzles me. Why nine? I mean why is it Revolution Number Nine? Is it because it is track 29 on the album or a prediction of the year 1969? Any guess?

"Number Nine" is a masterpiece and something truly unique. It must have cost huge sums of money and weeks of work mixing and putting it together so properly. To say it is just to fill up space is something no artist would say. "The Beatles" is a masterful work and is on its way to becoming the all-time best selling album in history. The first three albums are mainly songs of all sorts. They are all unique in the respect there is one for everybody. "Julia" for poets, "Don't Pass Me By" for country folks "Yer Blues" for a soul taste, "Back In The U. S. S. R." for a comedian, "Goodnight" for moms and dads, "Why Don't We Do It In The Road?" for daring young people, "I Will," for admirers of early Beatles, "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" for the sentimental and "Revolution 9" and "Helter Skelter" to freak out on. When someone tries something new it always gets kicked about and jolted. I'm sure the Beatles thought "No. 9" was a great achievement. If no one else appreciates it, I do.

Jeff Leah
Daytona, Texas

Dear Editor:

Only once in a while there comes an album with a series of songs that seem to say something about the record and the idea behind it. It can also have

other meanings for different people who have another point of view. The "Life Gazette" album may deal with the Four Seasons' feelings, other people's feelings or no one's at all but it'll still hang on to the same meaning without changing.

Let's take, for instance, "Sgt. Pepper." Many people feel that this album is wholly about trips, drugs and illusions of the mind, but it doesn't necessarily have to be this. It's just the way the listener looks at it. I know of some people who even thought the album was more of a side of Brian Epstein than of the Beatles. They figured Brian to be Sgt. Pepper who taught the group to play and with a little help from some of their friends, the group became a smash. Through the years the group kept on "Getting Better" and better and "Fixing A Hole" here and there. The group conquered the world in '64 and they asked "Will you still need me when I'm 64." "A Day In The Life," which almost seems to be about Brian's life is more like a tribute to the late Sgt. Pepper all the way up to the silent long ending. I said The late Sgt. Pepper cause in the reprise when they say, "I'm Sorry But It's Time To Go" it almost seems as though the man is dead or is going to die.

Getting back to "Life Gazette", no one can say that there is a hidden mystery about this album. The mystery is in the listener himself. The world of lies he lives in and how most of the people can't face up to them.

Let's begin with "American Crucifixion And Resurrection." Anyone can understand that this song is about discrimination between the white and black people of America. It seems like a negro father or mother is talking to his or her son and telling him about a son they had lost to the world. He also tries to explain the problems of his world; the love, the hate, the tears and the joys. The group tells you at first that the king is dead and the prince of peace is sleeping late, but somehow it is not too late. Love will make everyone understand.

Track two is "Mrs. Stately's

Garden." It always seems to be pleasant here. Lots of activity and minor tragedies. The world outside could be falling apart but there's not sympathy in Mrs. Stately's garden.

The third song is "Look Up, Look Over" which is a sad song about someone's private life and his lost love. Some people today may also feel that even though his love is close to him, she is still gone. You look up and it's all over.

"Something's On Her Mind" just like "Getting Better" is the fourth song on the album and is also the most commercial of the whole record. The song is about a girl who seems to like a boy who seems to also like the girl, but are too afraid to let each other know.

Then, of course, there's "Saturday's Father" which just like "She's Leaving Home" deals with family problems. Here we have a father who only visits on Saturdays to spend a day with his children. The kids, who don't know what it is to have a father everyday feel they must be the luckiest people in the world to have a father so very close. The wife and husband never speak as he walks away until next week.

Side two begins with a look at a "Wall St. Village Day." Here you see the executives, the newspapermen, the women with latest styled clothing and low-salary paid workers playing the part of the game and each people watching one another play.

Song two is "Genuine Imitation Life" which is what the world is about today. People with masks hiding another disguise. People worshipping crosses with fingers crossed behind their backs. Everyone is doing what everyone has done.

"Idaho" which is the next song reminds me a little of "When I'm 64." It's the only song in the album which breaks away from the similar meaning the rest of the songs have, but it still has a nice sound.

Then there's "Wonder What You'll Be" which seems to be about a father wondering about his little girl and what the future will bring her. It really touches the heart of the listener.

The last track is a long one and almost in the "Day In The Life" vein. It's called "The Soul Of A Woman." It starts off slowly then begins to pick up tempo. It describes the life and love of a young girl turned woman.

All these songs make up one of the greatest albums I've ever heard and had the pleasure of getting. All songs are written by Jake Holmes who is an established singer-songwriter and together with Season member, Bob Gaudio (who produced the album) they make a fantastic song-writing team.

The album jacket is made up to look like a newspaper with crossword puzzles, stock exchange prices, advertisements, sports page and even the funnies.

Some of the stories printed are actually the lyrics to the ten songs. The cover is a great promotion push for the album but I think the songs would have been big even without so much push. Given the proper exposure, this record could also be a favorite among other people.

I would really like this letter to be printed in your magazine. I want the people to know what a surprise this album is and if they already know, I would like to hear their comments about the record.

Johnny Bruno
46 E. 112th St. Apt. 2D
New York, New York

Dear Editor:

After reading your June issue, I feel compelled to say something. Specifically, I am speaking of the first 2 letters in "We Read Your Mail." (All right everyone, get out your back issues).

Brigitta seems to indicate she is an "unhip lay person," etc. It sounds like it. Maybe I'm just particularly dense, but half the time she loses me somewhere in the middle of column one. And as for the "innuendos, double-entendres and the other clever stuff"...let me recall something: The Incredible Stringband are the first group to fully nourish our souls by providing integrated and balanced verbal and non-verbal music concepts molded into valid, exciting, prismatic structures." Ahhhh very clever stuff indeed. It would help to define some of these terms before we have them thrown at us.

I always understood the word 'critic' to mean one who criticizes. Still, I cannot easily dismiss such choice items as a reference to the Doors beginning to sound like the Vanilla Fudge... definitely non-criticism.

Also in the June issue — "Judy has given Elektra their first solid Top 40 hit single, "Both Sides Now." Remember the Doors baby. A gold record here, a gold record there....

Message to Robert: Rest easier in the knowledge that at least some of us appreciate you...

A word to critics in general: why must you kill a record with your saliva? I'm tired of having my enjoyment spoiled after reading one of your reviews (sic). I'm sure you can review it without burying it too.

To finish up: Your mag is great, don't change it. I'd appreciate any letters from your readers about anything...I'll answer.

Elayne
1039 Centre
Raritan, N.J.

Dear Editor:

I'm not writing this letter as a Monkee fan, although I am. But I would like to congratulate you on having such a good reporter on your staff as Ellen Sander. Of all the articles I have read in your magazine, on the

Monkees, this is the most objective of them all. I'm not saying that you always put the Monkees down because I rarely read your mag. But this is the very best I have ever read about them in your mag. I am talking about the article in your June 1969 edition "Have We Misjudged The Monkees?"

I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing Head because it hasn't been to Portland yet. But I do have the record and it is very good. They said in the film 'we are made of tin.' Sure they were but don't you think that we have bugged them about it long enough? It was not their fault they got together that way. They were such a good group they might have gotten together anyway.

Well I guess I have bugged you long enough. Thanks again, Ellen.

Vee Russel
2828 N. E. 24
Portland, Oregon

Dear Editor:

I'm glad that you've let Brigitta explain herself...that explanation was actually too long in coming. As a critic (for the local college newspaper), I was baffled by her apparent lack of knowledge and disregard for facts, though her "Rooting Out the Beatles" (May, 1969) was an excellent article.

I'd like to make a few remarks concerning "The Beatles Sing The Beatles," which did not seem at all well-thought-out. Too many critics have made feeble attempts at comprehensive reviews of The Beatles, but many of the facts behind the songs are just coming to the fore. A lot, for instance, can be said about "Glass Onion" in relation to the Beatles' religion...this song is a good example of "life, layer upon layer," a concept present in many transcendental religions. George, and not Paul, is singing "While My Guitar Gently Weeps." Mention should be made of the fact that Lennon composed "Julia" for the memory of his late mother. "Savoy Truffle" is George's tribute to the Cream...note that there are references to all kinds of Cream, and to musical efforts. "Revolution #9" deserves more than one listen...it should be studied. I haven't been able to get into it yet, though I've grasped some part of the meaning. But this is a song, or I should say collage, that we should stay with. It's very deep.

Finally, the "Goodnight" track, in case anyone has bothered to listen, is Ringo on the vocal. This is the only slow tune that I've heard him do, and it must have been difficult. But he does it well. He isn't Paul, but he was just right for this one. Why do people so often tend to confuse Ringo and Paul?

Just one request: let's here something about Johnny Winter and his group, the hottest thing to come out of Texas since Janis.

I've got a pre-release of his first album, and he's really got fantastic potential.

Jon Lebrowsky
1410 Shafter
Odessa, Texas

Dear Editor:

I want to commend you on your guitar issue. It's incredible. Being a guitarist, I appreciated it greatly. Although some of the articles could be written a little better. I've only one complaint or rather correction. Contrary to Mr. Hansen's guitar history, the Gibson Les Paul is not a hollow body. None of the models (there are many) are, in fact. Thank you also for putting Peter Townshend's picture on the front of the article 'bout the History of the Guitar. That's where it belongs. He is rock's most creative guitarist and a true genius as far as his writing goes. I ask for more Who articles, please.

Other than the Who, I'm really into blues and practically anything with guitar in it. I can even listen to a detergent commercial if it's got a nice guitar in it.

Now, I know you get letters about Freddy King, but I am serious. He is terrific. His new LP is very unrepresentative of his incredible guitar playing and singing. I have three of his old LPs and they were worth what I paid for them.

So, please, please. Let's have an article on Freddy. He is the king. Only B. B. can keep up with him.

How about an issue devoted to blues?

Thanks again for being such a great magazine.

Anyone who agrees with me or plays guitar or anything, write. I like to hear from intelligent people who play music.

Oh yes, I've got a Les Paul and a Fender Stratocaster (14 years old) and a Fender Twin Reverb amp.

Whofully and bluefully,
John Phillips
163 Hicks St.
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Brigitta:

In your article on Buffy Sainte-Marie you have the phrase "Spanish Americans." To whom are you referring? To Spanish-speaking Americans? To Mexicans-Americans? I believe you are referring to Mexican-Americans. There is an ocean between Mexico and Spain, and those Americans that are born of Mexican parents are Mexican-Americans, not Spanish-Americans.

I liked your article on Buffy Sainte-Marie very much. The Indians are "the original Americans." And they have been and are one of the most discriminated against minorities in this country. Buffy Sainte-Marie is working for her people. And through this, she is working for all people.

Miss Martina S. Puente
1315 W. Magnolia St.
Compton, Calif.

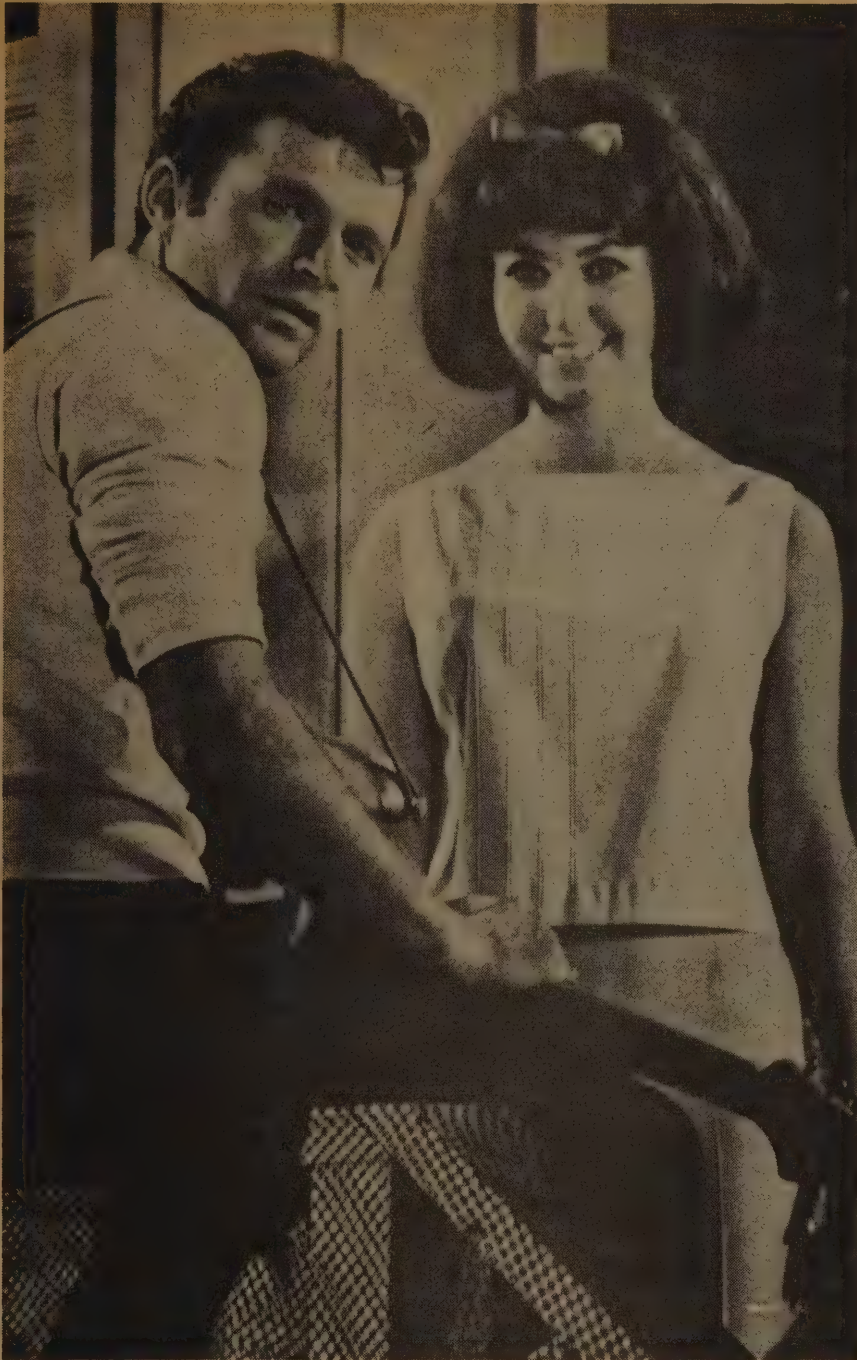
THE SURF SCENE

The Middle Ages Of Rock

Probably the most curious and least understood era in pop rock was the Middle Ages, those years preceding the onslaught of the Beatles. Little has been written about the period 1961-1964 and most rock journalists tend to point to it as the last great gasp of "teenage music" of the Philadelphia variety (Dick Clark, Fabian, Avalon, et. al.). Truthfully, this is only a partial account of the status of pop in those hastily forgotten years before the advent of the fab four and the ensuing renaissance. In California circa 1960 the birth pangs of the first West Coast sound were being felt, out on Balboa isle off Los Angeles, in the music of Dick Dale. The California rock syndrome began with the creation of the first music indigenous to California culture (more recent examples include the birth of folk-rock via the Byrds, the genesis of the San Francisco scene, and the Mothers); this initial phase, strangely enough, was called "surf music."

In 1960 Dick Dale and his Del-Tones were playing music for a dancing audience of vacation kids, beach bums and surfers in an ice cream parlor on Balboa. The Del-Tones' repertoire was standard r&b, tex-mex stuff; their style, however, seems to have been somewhat unique. Dick Dale played a deafening staccato lead, emphasizing the low-key strings as the rhythm ensemble pounded away in consistent bass patterns, the drums caught up in a frenzy of continuing rolls, resulting in a sound, according to Dale, "like thunder, or waves breaking over you." Playing in an open area, Dale was compelled to make frequent use of vibrato, augmenting a full treble tuning.





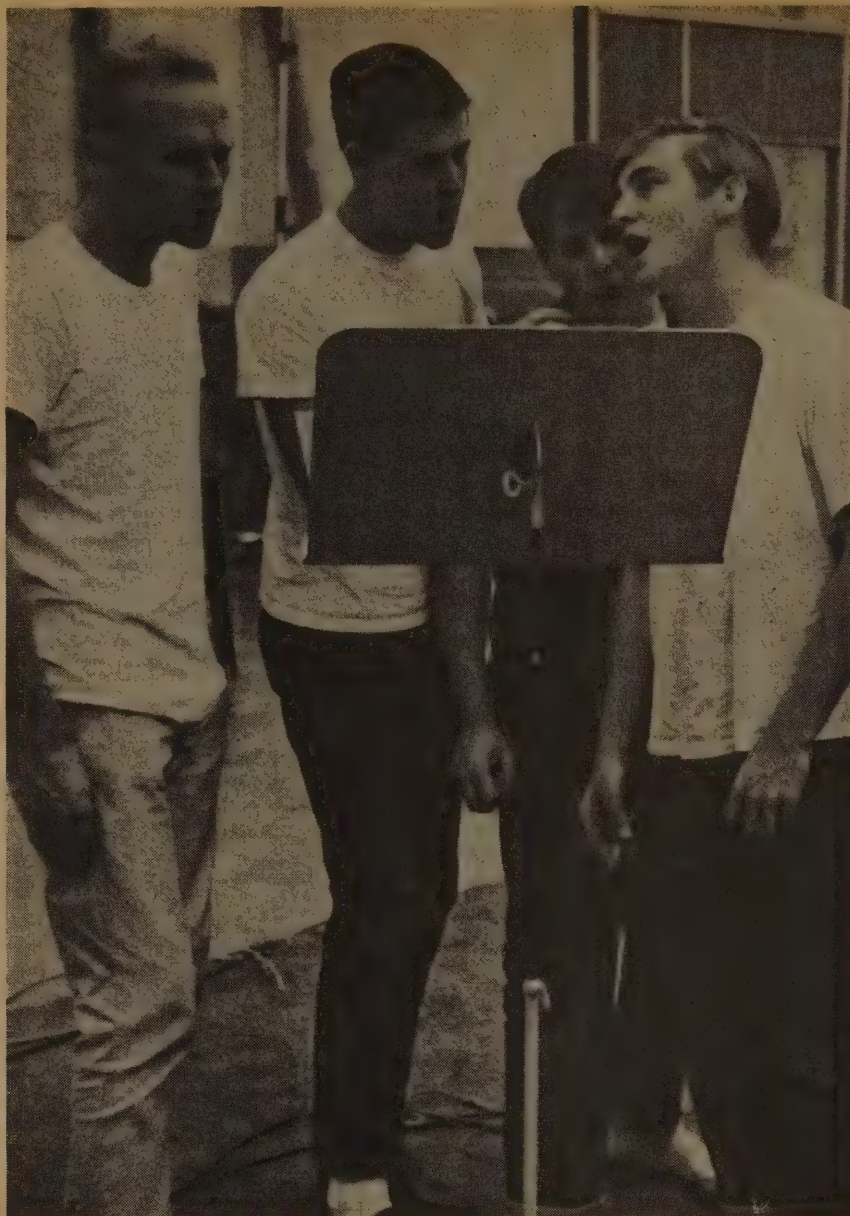
By November 1962 Dick Dale's music had earned him a position as the reigning youth folk-hero of Southern California. He gigged the Los Angeles area heavily, turning on thousands of teens to his brand of instrumental kineticism. He'd released an lp on his own "Del-Tone" label (*Surfers' Choice*), popularized such surf anthems as "Misirlou," "Let's Go Trippin'" and "Surf Beat." Capitol records handed him a contract and spent a million dollars on a national publicity campaign to spread Dale and the latest word from California across the country. Following the success of this first local boy, there was a pro-

liferation of instrumental surf combos throughout the state, based primarily on the Del-Tone prototype, with names such as the Lively Ones, the Surf Stompers, Surfariis, etc. With the accompanying jargon and fashions, the surfing craze was ushered in practically overnight. Though most of the early surf combos were imitating Dale, some particularly competent and ambitious music was being laid down on Del-Fi records by producer Bob Keene. Previously a small local label with artists like Johnny Crawford and the late Richie Valens on its roster, Del-Fi, through Keene, became the home of about ten new

surf bands. On three Del-Fi lps, the Lively Ones emerge as a livewire instrumental group, a sort of speed crazy Del-Tones with strong Duane Eddy overtones (utilizing major key melodies and a strong sax); the lead guitar is incredibly raw and harsh, and sounds quite contemporary. Another heavyweight group was Dave Myers & the Surftones. This sophisticated Laguna Beach outfit produced a beautiful lp (*Hangin' Twenty*, DFLP 1239, usually found in drugstore discount bins) which is as tightly arranged and engineered as any modern album. In addition to bass, drums and two guitars, the Surftones used electric piano and trumpet to work fresh changes from boogie and shuffle pieces. Occasional sax made some songs stronger, and the lead (Myers) is very compelling and fluid, much like Jerry Garcia's. Besides the Del-Fi bands, Decca had the Surfariis and their abysmal "Wipe Out"/"Surfer Joe" tragedy. Dot had the Chantays and their version of the highly innovative and rather ghostly "Pipeline."

The crash of surfboards, surf bands and cash registers continued throughout 1962 and Capitol, not to be outdone, managed to land the first vocal "surf" group of the year: the Beach Boys. In reality there never existed anything that could be called a vocal surf sound. What popularly emerged in 1963 surf music was not so much a unique musical variant as it was a patent reflection of the distinctive sound of the Beach Boys. In their earliest records the Beach Boys showed a grasp of the essentials of good rock; they borrowed freely from Chuck Berry and Eddie Cochran. The Four Freshman harmony styling appeared on their second lp, *Surfer Girl*, and has continued as a vital part of their music to the present. Once commenced, their career was to yield a trove of infectious "surf" melodies and catchy rhythms that were intrinsically California and youthful; "Little Deuce Coupe" can probably be labeled one of many definitive rock and roll songs. With the Beach Boys' success a new wave of imitators burst immediately, the pattern differing slightly from the case of their instrumental counterparts; most of the Beach Boys' imitators were inferior to the original product (Dale, however, was cut repeatedly by successive instrumental groups).

By 1963 second and third-rate Beach Boys were everywhere on West Coast airways. At one point the logical successors seemed to be the Surfariis. Later Bruce (Johnston) and Terry (Melcher) synthesized the Beach Boys sound rather well on "Summer Means Fun." The Fantastic Baggys (featuring P. F. Sloan) were fair mimics. But the most ambitious pretenders to the throne were two college students, Jan Berry and Dean Torrance.



In the late fifties Jan & Dean had scored nationally with such candy rock classics as "Heart and Soul" and "Baby Talk." After the surfing fad surfaced, they teamed up with veteran Lou Adler and discovered a lucrative way of combining current teen fashion and adolescent humor with Wilson-like harmonies (Jan & Dean multitracked their vocals to get a full four or five-man sound) to produce hits. In large part their career owes something to Brian Wilson directly, since, together with Roger Christian and Jan, he co-authored most of the duo's smashes. Such simple, yet well delivered classics as "Surf City," "Honolulu Lulu" and "Ride the Wild Surf" shot Jan & Dean into prominence but it wasn't until the inevitable exhaustion of surf music and the creation of "hot rod music" that they reached their acme. The lyrics were standard California teen culture

stock and the music was nothing if not compelling; a wailing falsetto always worked its way into full Spectorish orchestration, and the sessions were supervised with clinical care by Adler and Bones Howe and Lanky Linstrot. The sound of Jan & Dean records was impeccable, very white and breezy. Their most representative sampling would be their *Little Old Lady* album, a thoroughly well performed set by the minor talents of the period.

Unfortunately, unlike the Beach Boys, Jan & Dean were never able to find an identity. Rather than discarding their affectations for the latest and greatest craze, they moved from fad to fad. Despite a few honest singles in 1965 ("I Found A Girl" and "You Really Know How to Hurt A Guy"), their progression from surfing to drag racing to mock-

protest, to Beatle mimicry to Batman was uninterrupted. Alas, where are they now?

Midway through 1964 it became obvious to the pop market that, as a force for continuing inspiration, surfing had burnt itself out. The speculative but not highly insightful recording industry found an easy way out: "hot rod music" — based on the theory that if you mixed ocean sound effects with music, why couldn't you do the same with drag racing, skateboards or whatever. Most of the leading exponents of surf music comfortably moved into hot rod music, with little changing of style. The Beach Boys and Jan & Dean produced much of their best work during this craze. Bruce Johnston produced the clean-sounding Rip Chords ("Hey Little Cobra"). Capitol, via producer Gary Usher, came up with half a dozen hot rod vocal groups.

In the instrumental category a few significant changes marked the transition into hot rod music. Dick Dale took the forefront. His two lps, *Checkered Flag* and *Mr. Eliminator*, feature much stronger echo sounds, and a rockheavy r&b flavored backup; on cuts like "Night Rider" and "Ho Dad Machine" he coupled whiplash treble runs with turgid bass drumming to effect a sound not unlike an overloaded dragster ripping down the asphalt. Once again, the small Del-Fi company scored, this time with session men instead of formal groups. Their albums, by the Daris, the Defenders and the Deuce Coupes, all similar in style, rely on jazz-influenced r&b. Despite some odd mixing and engineering techniques, these albums are highly listenable and quite compatible with the electric sound of today. The guitarists were strongly influenced by Freddy King.

In retrospect the 1962-1964 pop scene, though neglected nowadays, was a lively and youthful one that contained a number of interesting developments. Via this fad music, the California Rock syndrome made its first appearance. The Beach Boys were born and grew. The formation of the Lou Adler 'family' was accomplished (beginning with Jan & Dean, P. F. Sloan, and Johnny Rivers). In addition, a renaissance in local instrumental activity occurred, the remnants of which were still visible in the early stages of the San Francisco scene. And yet, for all the expectations later realized as a result of it, the particular musical format of surf music accommodated no historical extensions of itself; the last notes of surf music were blown in late 1964. This curious pop period was a terminal one: it ended as abruptly as it had begun, yet it did contribute a wealth of material to the legacy of rock 'n roll. When it had run its course, the stage was cleared, and the next act was already waiting in the wings. □ gene sculatti

CAT MOTHER & The All Night News Boys

On East 10th Street, not very far from New York's Fillmore East is a pink/green/yellow/blue brick house. In a slum neighborhood, it stands out like a healthy thumb.

Inside live Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys, a rock and roll band of the streets, one of the few surviving authentic New York City street bands. Cat Mother has been touring with Jimi Hendrix and company, opening up Foxy Jimi's show with great hard bitten rock and roll and a lot of happy fun. They are five men strong. Charley Chin on rhythm guitar and banjo, Larry Packer on guitar mandolin and electric violin, Roy Michaels on bass, Bob Smith on keyboard, and Michael Equine on percussion.

In the house are the band, some wives, girlfriends and two baby girls, ages 6 and 7 months. The babies are sleeping, some people are finishing chicken dinner in the kitchen and we go into the downstairs living room to hear the tapes of their Polydor album, scheduled for release shortly after the time of this writing. It's a funky rock and roll record, no histrionics, no trips.

In many ways the album has been years in the making, it started with the early dreams of Roy Michaels and Bob Smith, the founding fathers of Cat Mother. It's a heartbreaking, though all too typical story of life and love in the music business, but the Cat Mother album, to say the very least, was well worth waiting for.

We listen and trade stories and smiles. The album puts us in a very happy place: together. Later, upstairs, in a dimly lit room, strewn with an odd assortment of furniture and equipment, Bob and Roy rap about the evolution and substance of the band.

I've known Bob and Roy for over two years now, they were two of the first musicians I'd met after I decided to make this music my profession and my life. We'd gone out to the Monterey Pop Festival together in the Summer of 1967, and the experience affected all of us profoundly. For them and for me, the pop festival was a weekend of realization, a time of re-dedication to what was important. It is with a curious mixture of pride and gratitude, of nostalgia and affirmation that I now write about Cat Mother for Hit Parader and relate the following conversation to you:

H.P.: Why don't we talk a little about how Cat Mother as it now stands came together?

Bob: We got together in the Summer of 1967, really. While we (Roy and Bob) were in another group, we all decided to meet you at the Monterey Pop Festival. We drove a car out there and it took us two weeks to get there. The festival changed our whole outlook and while we were going through those changes, back in N. Y., the group we were in broke up.

What happened to our heads was---well let's start at the beginning. We were musicians in a band from Canada and we were thinking of the whole thing from a business point of view. Survival was a problem and we were caught in that trap of having to think about making money first. At the festival there were all those bands who honestly cared about their music and they were getting along well, so it seemed. It made us realize where we'd failed.

We came back and stayed in the streets of New York for a while, looking for musicians. We found some and we'd rehearse in a loft. For equipment we used everything we could solder together, we were so broke. We almost had it together but we needed a violin player who could play rock and roll and it took some time to find one. We played for free in the park whenever we could, the spirit of the festival never left us. We published the Cat Mother Newsletter and our motto was: "The Street Giveth and The Street Taketh

Away." We had items in it like how to cook city pigeons and that kind of thing. We were starving but we had our music and we had a lot of fun, I don't regret any of it.

Roy: Then we got a house in Woodstock. The babies were coming and it was the only way we could survive. There were Sound Festivals in Woodstock in the Summer of 1968 and we played them, it was a beautiful experience. We really got our music together, away from city pressures we could really get into it and get the communication thing going.

H.P.: Do you think the city or the country has an influence on the way you sound?

Bob: Yes, I think if we had stayed in the city our sound would have been much heavier, we would have been into much harder things. When we got our heads together in Woodstock the music started to sound more open. It started in the city, the heart of the music is New York. We call it slum rock. (laughter)

H.P.: Yes, it's citybilly rock and roll, but it's happy sort of juggy rock and roll too. I notice, though, that you aren't pulling any punches or sweetening up the subject matter, though the sound is basically happy.

Bob: Well, you can't just be doing good time music when it's not good times. We look around us and we find ourselves very much concerned. That's another direction we've taken, we find ourselves a little more serious than perhaps we'd like to be. But our music

and our life are the same, one has to be relevant to the other. I think the album reflects that.

H.P.: Why don't you describe the album in terms of how you feel the material.

Roy: Sure. The opening number is called "Good Old Rock and Roll" which is a song written by ourselves and a medley of old rock and roll songs by Chuck Berry, Big Bopper, Jerry Lee Lewis and Buddy Knox representing pretty much our background in rock and roll. Besides, we love those old songs, a lot of what they had is missing in newer transformations of rock.

H.P.: You must have put that together before the Beatles album came out, right?

Roy: Oh yeah, we were playing it for a year before the Beatles album came out. We just felt it happening, just like the Beatles must have felt it happening. The back to rock and roll thing isn't just a thing they or anybody else started, it was happening to a lot of musicians who were a little bewildered by direction.

Bob: The second song is a song called "Favors." It's a hard rock number about teenie-boppers. It goes:

She had learned to live and love
She got it from a magazine
it told her to let her mind go wild
but keep her body clean.

It's a little cynical, I think, but that's the way we feel.

The next song is "How I Spent My

Summer", (by Bob). It's about us living up in Woodstock and watching everything through the television. It's mainly about Chicago but it started before that. I started writing it about Martin Luther King. And then Chicago happened, it was just a continuation of the whole thing and it really affected us. We have to live here, I mean we want to live here, that's it. Roy: People were upset about Chicago mostly because it was an unreal thing. None of it logically should have happened, but it did. And the levels on the very top looking down on it all knew that it didn't have to happen. That's what makes it more of a drag. People better wise up.

H.P.: Does being fathers change the way you feel about it all?

Bob: Oh yes. I get uptight when I look at my little daughter and I think: what is it going to be like for her?

Roy: Yes, when you have kids you look at the world from a different point of view. You feel more responsible about society. It's a beautiful thing, it gives you commitment and it gives you faith. Mainly I'm determined to help improve things and be constructive about it.

Bob: I try to think about my father. He was put through two world wars and he taught me that it wasn't for me. And I look at my little daughter Jennifer and I hope, I think, you know, maybe it'll be a thing of the past for her. God, I hope so. We're faced with annihilation every day. The final chapter is being written and we have to live with that. It's no way to live.

H.P.: Do you think the music, what you're into, will really help the situation?

Bob: Well, watching Hendrix up there on stage in front of all those thousands of young people, young minds — he has an enormous amount of influence. If people identify with the groups and the groups represent a positive outlook, it helps, at least in their minds. I think a lot of young minds have been affected by rock and roll. And that's a good thing.

We do one song, "The Boston Burglar" which was written 300 years ago and it still says a lot. It's basically a folk song about law and order. His family is being hauled off to jail and his last lines are

keep your liberty if you can
and don't go out on the streets breaking
the laws of man

and like that. He'll rejoin his lover in Boston when he regains his freedom. It's very bitter. We do it with the violin and we get the sound of a bagpipe. The drums play a march rhythm and Charlie sings it as if it's actually happening to him. At the end, the march goes from one speaker to another and it sounds like he's being marched right by you.

H.P.: Beautiful. Describe some of the other songs. It's interesting to get your insights on the material after hearing it.

Roy: We do a song called "You Can Dance To It." It's our reflection on the music business, that's our immediate battle. It has a real

heavy beat to it (laughter).

H.P.: Do you find that you have to make a conscious effort to stay simple? I'm most moved by the simplicity and directness of the album.

Roy: We're all good musicians, but we're not fancy musicians. This is rock and roll and we're playing to our audience. Nobody here is trying to be a virtuoso.

Bob: It's been said a thousand times that rock is simple music. It doesn't require a great deal of technical musicianship to play. It's emotion, communication, spirit, energy, fun. It's not hard to play, but it's hard to be original not because of the form of the music, but because of the exploitation of the music.

H.P.: Could you explain what you mean by that?

Bob: Well, I always seem to end up knocking the music business, but with all the experiences we've had, well, I guess it had to happen. I'm a little bitter, and I guess there's no need to be because in the end it all worked out but it's miserable that it always seems to have to happen this way. I was dumb at the time, too. So here's the story, it's not a unique story and maybe something can be learned by telling it.

We were with a group before which never had a chance and the reason was pure neglect.

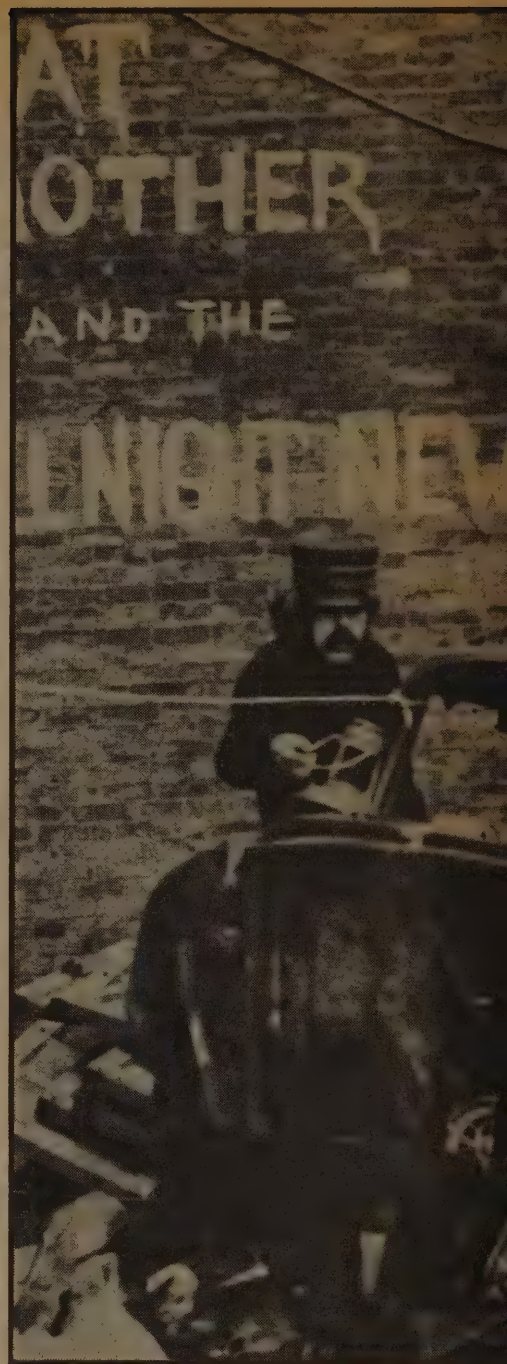
Roy: We had people around us who could not understand what we were into and insisted on treating it as a product. Which was OK in some respects, somebody has to have the business sense, but they took this "product" and treated it as if it was what they thought it should be. We fell into the trap, we believed them and the music suffered, it was dishonest.

Bob: Right. We could have made this album a year ago. We had offers that we turned down because we'd already learned our lesson. We got some studio time in exchange for playing tracks for a small studio on the lower East Side and we made a demo on the time we earned. The demo was for auditions, for club dates, but it leaked out to record companies. People came down to hear us and they were making valid offers. But it didn't take a minute to figure out that these guys didn't know anything about what we were doing, somebody just laid thirty grand on them and told them to come up with a hit. It was tempting, we were starving and there was cash on the barrel, thousands of dollars to put in the bank.

Well, it was good to know they'd do that, it gave us confidence in ourselves, but we had no confidence in them so we had to refuse and stay close to the music and hope that somebody would dig us honestly someday. And it happened finally. We were glad we waited. We eventually got just what we wanted.

H.P.: How did it all come about. At least tell the happy ending.

Roy: Well, as we told you before there were these Sound Festivals in Woodstock which we played and had a hand in organizing. When



The Soft Machine came up to play, so did Mike Jeffery, who is their manager and Jimi Hendrix's manager. We got to know him on a real, personal basis. When we played the festival, we really got through to the people, they freaked out and danced and it was this whole beautiful thing. We were full of hope and enthusiasm. It didn't matter that we weren't really in business yet, we were playing and getting a response and that was what we wanted more than anything else.

Well, with Jeffery it came on naturally, we just turned on to each other. He dug what we were doing and we dug him. He made us a production offer, we'd record for Electric Ladyland, Jimi Hendrix's company. When we told him what we wanted in terms of time, and details, he said yes, right along the line. Bob: It was like a dream come true. Roy and I used to fantasize about it and it happened



just that way. We paid our dues and we knew we had to demand what would be right for us.

H.P.: How much did Jimi Hendrix have to do with your record?

Roy: He engineered and mixed a few songs for us.

H.P.: What are your immediate plans?

Roy: We're going on the road, touring with Jimi just around the time the album is released. We're optimistic about it. We've done our level best, put our hearts into it and the record, as best we could do it, is what we wanted it to be. There are all sorts of things that have to go right with it, the promotion and all and Polydor is a new label, but I'm pretty sure it'll make it. It's good and it's honest and it'll reach people. We're not unknown around the country like a lot of bands are

when their first record comes out. We've got national tours behind us and we've reached lots of people all over. They remember us when we come back, they always come up and say hello.

Bob: Yeah, I feel good about that. It's like we've established a rapport with our audience and we're important to each other. The way most groups come out now, there's no chance for that, to woodshedding and make an underground reputation. And we're all proud of the record, oh, yeah, it has some compromises in it, but basically we love it because we loved doing it and it's music that is ours, all ours, our feelings our songs. We've allowed ourselves to have fun with the whole thing and it looks like it's going to be even more fun now, you reach more people with a record out.

H.P.: Was living in this house on 10th street

a unifying influence on the group?

Bob: Well, it was a necessity. It really is less expensive than all of us paying rent in separate places. If we make more money, we'd like to move to the country again, it's better for us and better for the kids. We loved Woodstock and while we were there we really got it together.

H.P.: Did you run into any of the Dylan people up there?

Roy: No, they're a pretty tight clique. They live up on the mountain, Dylan and The Band and they see each other and practically nobody else. I saw him driving out of the hills in an old beat up car with his children in the back. His hair is short and he had a beard then. He had a big black hat on, he looked like a fifteen-year-old. (exit to laughter) □
ellen sander

There's Nothing Bad To Say About **RINGO STARR**

A deserted Centurion tank and a "dummy" tree upturned in a ditch provide the first bizarre indications that we've arrived. A viciously cold wind sweeps in across the common, buffeting the white tent in the distance and the group of moving figures that together form an oasis of life amid the unfriendly sea of bracken and stubbly brown grass.

Out there on Chobham Common in wildest Surrey they are on location filming a Beatle and an ex-Goon in "The Magic Christian."

As the only route out to the film unit is not so much a road as a switch-back over a mudbath, the wisest move is to adjourn to the mobile press office parked among a cluster of vehicles off the road while a courier with a walkie-talkie is dispatched to relay our presence to Mr. Starr.

The press room is inside what looks from the outside like a much traveled furniture truck and in fact is, except that inside it is plushly furnished with heater, phone link, desk, leather settee and well-stocked bar. "First in the world — ingeniously incognito" gloat the publicity people with justifiable pride.

When, eventually, the familiar Beatle face appears grinning at the rear it is a Ringo attired in tweedy plus fours and deerstalker and accompanied by the sound of stomping feet shaking mud from a hefty pair of labourer's boots.

"You've never done me before," says Ringo as welcome, begging a few minutes grace to get his circulation on the move.

If John is the Beatle the public has singled out for the brunt of ridicule and contempt, then Ringo is the Beatle

they cling to for reassurance as the flack of shattered images falls about their heads.

Ringo is the cozy Beatle, the good-old-moptop-Beatle-boy who is nearing his thirtieth year — as everyone keeps reminding him.

"I think maybe people think they are safe with me," says the least objectionable or the most lovable Beatle, whichever way you look at him. "I am married, I am a family man. There is nothing bad — bad from the public's view — to publish about me.

"I try to keep two lives going. One is only to do with me and mine and the other is to do with thous and thine.

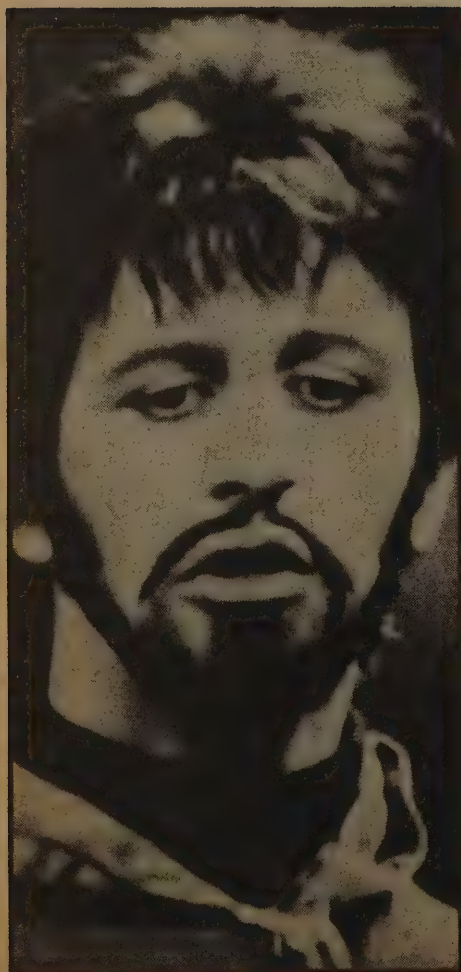
"I agree to give them the Beatle, the Ringo. But the Ritchie I prefer to keep for my family."

And John? "John has just had a divorce. People forget that divorce is happening all over the world. But Mrs. Smith, she never gets a mention.

"I don't know what people think of John at the moment. Maureen was in Liverpool and I know a lot of people there are saying that he has gone a bit crazy. But all he is doing is not keeping up with the image they have created and they think he has gone off his head.

"All we are is nice people. I'm not being smart saying that. We are just nice people."

Ringo's services were required back on the common so we piled into a crowded Land Rover, collected Peter Sellers, and with a warning "Mind your heads in the back" and a cry of "All the fun of the fair" from Mr. Starr, we made our bumpy way to where the action was.



Sellers, playing the richest man in the world, and Ringo, his adopted son, were supposed to be on a grouse shoot in which the army intervenes. The two are required to stroll side by side, guns in hand, down a slope. No dialogue needed. It is over in five minutes. "No need for Orson Welles to worry there," cracks Ringo, as we make our way back.

Meanwhile, back at the camp, it is lunchtime and with Mr. Starr and Mr. Sellers in the rear of Mr. Starr's silver-grey Mercedes it is off to the village

pub where a table and steaks have been booked.

While Ringo reaches for the wine and attacks his steak, we discuss the Beatles' bad press and he argues that it goes in cycles, and that what might be bad for the public to read is not necessarily bad press for them.

"One minute the press will be all over you saying good old Beatle boys. Next year it will be those dirty old scruffs.

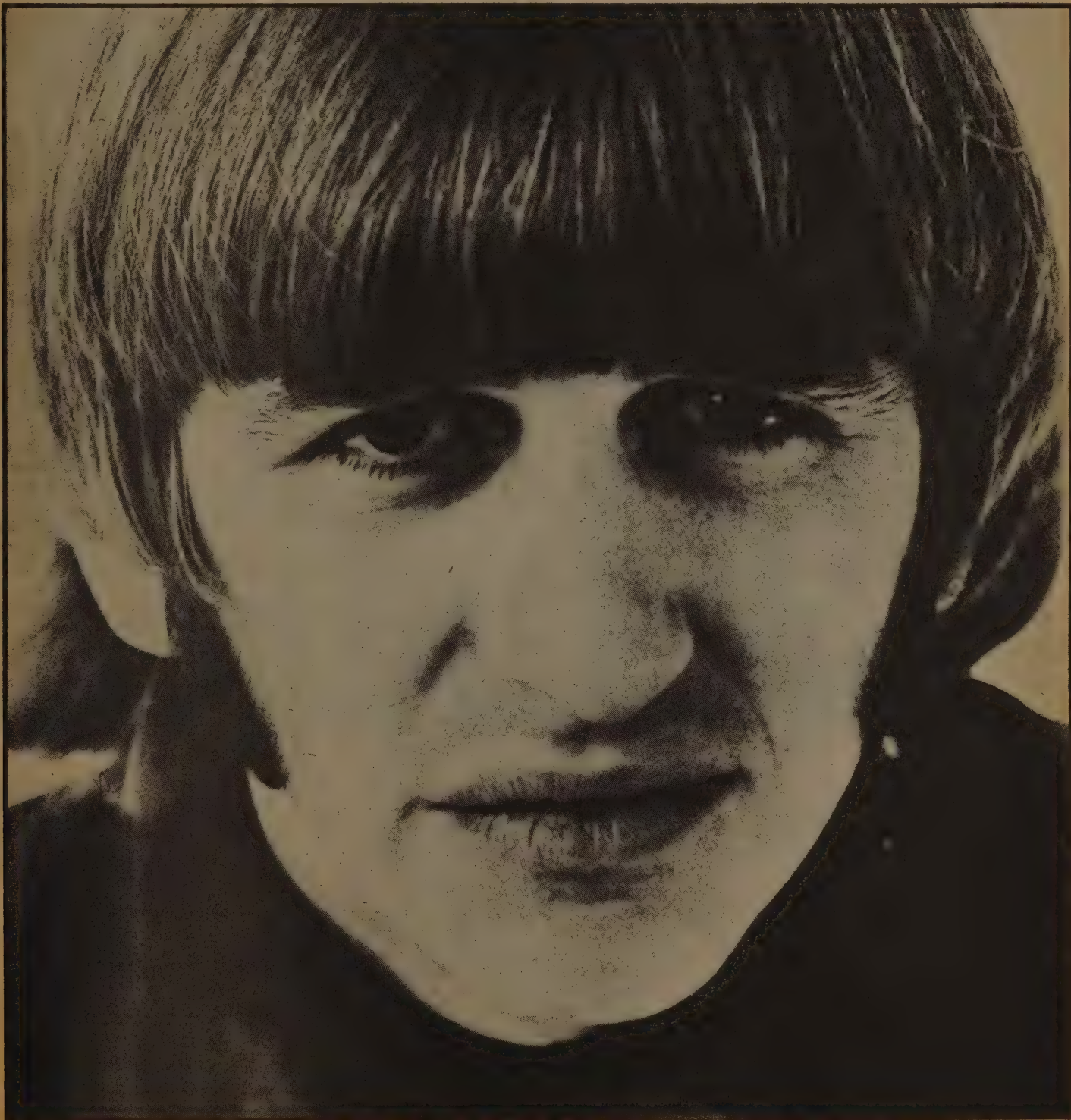
"I prefer it when it is nice but the other doesn't bother me any more." A shrugging of Beatle shoulders is

accompanied by morose Ringo expression.

Can he put his finger on the turning point of what was for a long time a good relationship with the press?

"It always has depended on the journalist or the paper, however they felt at the time. They can write a story good or they can write it bad.

"For instance when we were on tour you might find in one paper it was 'Beatlemania In Bradford' and in another 'Beatle Rioters Smash Up Bradford.'





"Perhaps the reporter came round and tried to get an interview and couldn't get in, so he went off and wrote it badly. If they managed to get in and we gave them Scotch then it would be good old Beatles doing a grand job for Britain."

Does he always understand the action of his fellow Beatles?

"No, I don't always understand, but then I am in a privileged position of being the person who is probably the closest to them and I can go and ask.

"I read the paper like anyone else and I think what's this, what's going on? But then I can go and ask them what it's all about."

The lady who served our steaks came to tell Ringo that she had a daughter away at school who'd be ever so popular if she had his autograph. Ringo obliged.

What was his reaction to John and Paul's weddings?

"Fantastic. I heard about Paul's when he phoned me to tell me and I heard about John through the office. I knew why he went away, that he was going abroad somewhere to marry but I didn't know where or when."

On to the cheese and biscuits and talk about his son Zak, who is now nearly four and approaching the age where his schooling must be considered.

Ringo expresses interest in Summerhill, the "freedom" school. "I hated my schooldays," he says suddenly. No, he wouldn't send his son to public school, unless he asked to go himself.

Twenty-nine now, Ringo enters his thirtieth year in July. "When I was 18, I thought that was the time to die. But the old thing is true about being as old as you feel. I don't feel old and I don't think I look my age. It doesn't worry me."

His role in "Candy," he feels, came off well but he adds that in that and in "Magic Christian" he is largely playing himself. His next film, he hopes, will see Ringo develop as an actor,



who can sustain a totally different character for 90 minutes.

He doesn't find acting particularly difficult. "'Candy' was the test and I thought it was easy, so I felt confident to accept this one."

A film featuring all the Beatles is now closer than it's been for a long while, he says, because for the first time all four have agreed that they should do one.

It is now just a question of the right script — which won't be easy. "Everything that has come up has been 'Hard Day's Night' or 'Help' and the casting was like in those films.

"It was just the four-lads-rags-to-riches thing in different forms. John would be witty, Paul would be pretty, I would be shy and George would be George.

"If we do one, Paul and I should be baddies. Why? Because no one will expect Paul and I to be naughty.

"People really have tried to type cast us. They think we are still little mop tops and we are not."

Current Beatle work involves the completion of their next LP and among the several tracks so far recorded is one by Ringo titled "In An Octopus' Garden (Or I Would Like To Live Up

A Tree)."

Virtually certain to be their next single is "Get Back," which features organist Billy Preston.

What's it like?

"Paul takes lead vocal and you can say it's a lovely little tootapper."

With an infectious beat that'll get your feet tapping?

"Yes," says Ringo grinning. "If you can sit down when this one is on," says Ringo Starr, "then you're a stronger man than I am."

"Put that in. It'll give me a smile when I read it. It'll make me happy."

Lovable shake / of mop top head. □
nick logan

THE NICE

And Their Fitting Maroon

Occasionally a new group bursts on the scene and becomes an event unto itself, with a depth and presence and potential which sets it completely apart. Such a group is the Nice. "Swarthed in great majesty," according to it's international fandom, the Nice's devotion is to musical truth in the classics, jazz and rock. Drawing broadly from these sources they have evolved a separate, unique truth. Their way is all their own, and each day takes them a little further along the path. The lines are boldly drawn, but within them, there is a continuing adventure of creation, improvisation, and discovery.

The past year in Europe has brought recognition and distinction for the Nice. They appear in virtually every prominent popularity poll, both individually and as a group. The Record Mirror poll named the Nice "World's second-best instrumental group," above both

the Cream and Jimi Hendrix. Keith Emerson won the "Keyboard Player Of The Year" award from "Beat Instrumentalist Magazine", and both drummer, Brian Davison and bassist, Lee Jackson, finished high in their sections. The cover of their latest album, "Ars Longa Vita Brevis," won the design award for 1969, from the "New Musical Express." Distinction, indeed, seems to be the keynote of the Nice scene.

The Nice have a way of excelling in a manner that few groups can match. Playing a Christmas concert in Wenceslaus Square in Prague, Czechoslovakia, the group stirred a crowd of more than 3,500 young Czechs, crammed into a theatre built for half that number. In two hours, the Nice wove a wildly emotional spell that came to an incredible orgiastic climax leaving the audience limp.





Another such concert took place in Darmstadt, West Germany's unique 'underground' capital near Frankfurt. Again a packed house. Again a rapport of eloquence. There have been similar moments in Belfast, Paris, West Berlin, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Zurich, and Stockholm, and every club, college and concert hall of consequence throughout Britain. They do not concern themselves with house records nor the intensity of their following. They don't have to. They have both, in abundance.

The Nice was an idea germinated by three musicians of quality, taste and experience. Organist, Keith Emerson, invited Lee Jackson and Brian Davison to form a group for the very simple reason that he considered them the best drummer and bassist that he had ever met. That happened in August 1967, and during the very same month, a maroon was fired outside a tent in London's Windsor Great Park, a fitting symbol the Nice had been formed. The occasion was the great annual National Jazz and Blues Festival, which attracts 60,000 Britons yearly.

The instant success of the Nice was

recognized with a residency at the Marquee Club in London, and when the engagement closed six months later, the group had wrested the house records, formerly held by the Jimi Hendrix Experience, the Who and the Rolling Stones. The Nice had arrived and were promptly invited to do all the prestigious things that go hand in hand with arriving—their own 25 minute BBC color television show, theater tours, concerts, and festivals.

For Keith, Lee, and Brian, their European conquest was complete. Their "Ars Longa Vita Brevis", album is a major best-seller in Europe and in America. Their single, "America," was a breakthrough of its kind, an enormously exciting seven minute instrumental. It made the British charts for a marathon 16 weeks and defied all the normal rules of promotion and airplay.

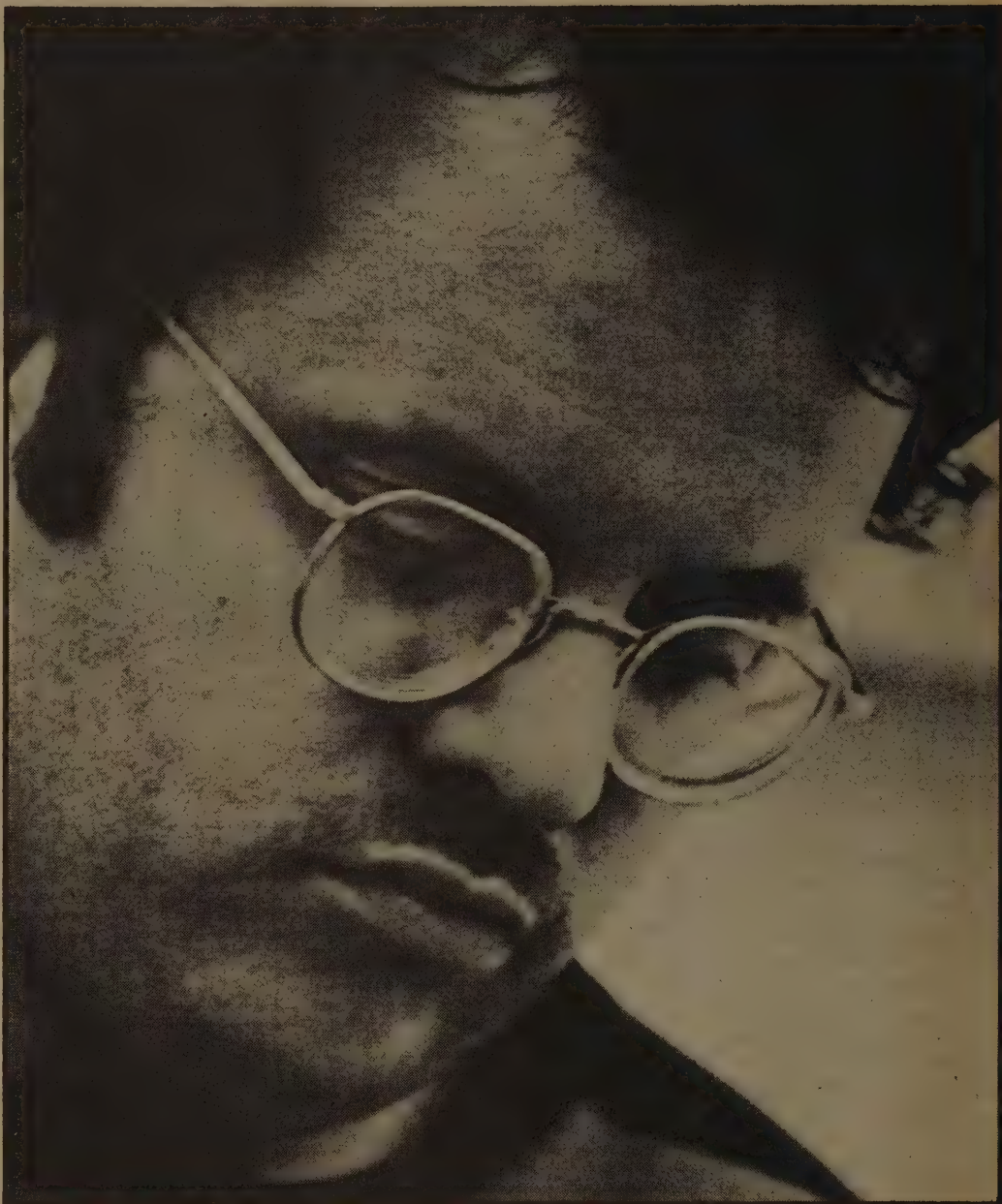
But, the Nice are used to breaking rules, particularly musical ones. Their music draws on the experience of the masters of the classics, jazz and of rock, yet it is new and completely of itself. □

BORN IN CHICAGO

There have been many people who have had much to do with today's Blues Revival. The first were the historians, record collectors and a general cross-section of people who loved old jazz. Then there were modern day musicians, some of whom looked to the Blues for ideas to use in the jazz idiom. John Coltrane, among several others, was one of them. Many used the Blues to strengthen their performances in the popular music of their day, like Elvis Presley who borrowed much from an old Memphis blues singer, Arthur Crudup. And Sinatra, who borrowed much from such people as Billie Holliday. Many used Blues to enhance their folk-oriented coffee house repertoires, and later to reshape popular music into what it is at the present. Even while these people borrowed from it, the Blues continued to go on virtually unnoticed until a very few years ago.

At the end of World War II, there was a mass-migration of Southern Negroes to Chicago in search of better conditions and a better way of life. With them came all of their various kinds of the Blues, and Chicago is where this music finally found a home. Here were all these people from the South. They had to be entertained. So it was the Blues that filled all those little night spots that came with the migration. And the Blues became the major-musical force in Chicago, as it remains to this day.

It's of little wonder that the cats from Chicago had the first chance to get into Chicago Blues. It floated into their environments from all sides. From the radio, and from popular records. From the cats they went to school with. From the



cats they worked day gigs with. From the noise coming out of clubs all over the city, and from the juke boxes in the places where they dug to hang out. Even from the cats who eventually came to hear them perform. It was simply all over the place.

And so were the cats who played it first. Otis Rush. Buddy Guy, Muddy, Little Walter and Junior Wells. There was just no escaping it. And the Chicago cats learned from these men, either by personal contact or proximity. Which ever was the case, the music

got into them. When you listen to them you can dig it.

As time went on, things started to happen. Along with Chicagoan Paul Butterfield came the advent of the closely authentic white blues bands like Canned Heat, the Charles D. Musselwhite Blues Band,



and Fleetwood Mac. Then came the hoards of white blues bands not quite so authentic. Somehow the Blues was here to stay. Everybody began to dig the Blues, and the attention was now on Chicago and what was happening there. And who was happening there.

One of the cats happening there was Nick "The Greek" Gravenites. Even though as little is known publically about him as, say, is known about Bob Dylan, Nick enjoys at least as much significance both as a singer-musician and as a composer of the today music. In a few years we can all look back on this and see where it is very true. Nick's story goes on too long before he wrote *Born In Chicago* or instigated the creation of *East-West* for

Butterfield. Nick has been around for a long time. Mike Bloomfield refers to him as "the old granddaddy of the White Chicago blues scene." That is exactly where Nick is at. He was the pioneer of the legendary honkie cats who have played on the South and West Sides of Chicago with various established Bluesmen. Nick just loved the Blues, so he went down to where it was happening and took care of the business. Later came Butter, Bishop, and Bloomers. And many others who have come away with much valuable experience.

Here's what Nick has to say about how he got into it. (From an interview in February, 1969, at his home in Mill Valley, California).

I was a freshman at the U. of C., and it was towards the end of the school year. And I met a cat there who was a laboratory technician. He had just been suspended from the University of Illinois for taking live wires and tying them around cats' legs and plugging them into sockets, you know. Yeh, a weird cat. All right. I'm glad you grasped that so I didn't have to like elaborate. (laughter). I didn't want to go into it all, you know.

Well, he turned me on to it. He was a hi-fi freak, right? And he used to buy his components at, you know, Heathkits, and stuff, you know. You know how Chicago has those big electronics places. You know, a lot of big electronics mail order firms there too. The biggest, you know. And he used to build his own stuff.

And he had a giant collection of

classical music, mostly organ and piano. And his rage at the time—he was really flipped behind French Contemporary classical organ players and composers, and he had a big collection of wierd, freaky organ music. Cats like Langlet and Dupree. Catholic mystic. Very modern. Extremely modern. And he also had a lot of piano works. Brahms. And he had forty-fives. Rhythm and Blues. Rock and Roll. Little Richard stuff and a lot of Chicago. Eddie Bow stuff, and... God, just the most obscure singles. Wierd, funky blues sounds. All the wierdest. You name the oldest, wierdest ones man, and this cat had 'em. And a lot of Otis Rush and Junior Wells. A lot of the first records. A lot of the heavy 1955-'56 stuff. Like the stuff that was really happening then man. Boom! Those guys were really young and full of juice and really knocking 'em dead everywhere, you know. In fact, Bo Diddley was just before that.

Anyway, John—this guy's name was John—he took me down to the 708 Club on 47th. That's the first time I heard any band live, you know. Any band live. And that's the first time I heard Otis Rush. He was the first band I heard live, period. Louis Meyers was playing harp... I don't remember who else was playing. But I talked to Louis once man, we were rapping! And I know Louis knows who those people were. Louis would know all of them.

It was a tough little band. Junior Parker was on the same bill. That was like thirteen or fourteen years ago. Otis had a tough band man. And I'd been hearing *Can't Quit You Baby* on the radio. All the time, you know. It was like a big hit, you know. I knew who he was, and he was good, man. Really young. He was just a little bit older than I was. But he was like... there he was. Almost the same age, you know. I found out he was just three years older, and there he was. I figured he was already a star, you know. That really freaked me out.

And that was like my first introduction into any of that. And I was under age. They let me in, you know, I didn't have any I.D... They let me in without checking and I was eighteen or something, you know. There was a cop at the door, you know. They didn't care.

I had just about started to learn how to make an "E" chord on the guitar, playing folk music at the school, you know. School influenced existence, you know, all these different kinds of songs and various people who would dig, and you know... had a big folklore so-



ciety there. A lot of music activities. There were bars. There was the Compass Tavern, you know, where you didn't have to leave. Folk meetings, you know, everybody would go to the bar, and just set up at the bar, man...corner off one section of the room for all the musicians man, and just wail all night long. Everybody would be singing, the whole joint would be cookin' you know. (laughter). Jimmy's was right down the street, a half a block down, where it still is. The Compass was where the Firehouse is now. On 55th. Another block down from that and across the street was the U. T., University Tavern, where you could do that same thing. Play music. Oh man, banjos, a lot of guitars, mandolin and bass...that was really funny. Lot of vocal harmonies...

We had connections at the University of Wisconsin and the University of Michigan. Not the same society. It was just that many of the people who were originally members at the University of Chicago, you know, do graduate work at some other school. I think that's how it started, with the certain people that were doing graduate work at those certain schools, you know, and sort of started a communication thing happening. Eventually there got to be sort of an exchange. An informal exchange. One folk society would ask the other...call them on the telephone, write 'em a letter on some letterhead stationary. Then we'd take trips, you know, lark trips up to Madison and Ann Arbor, both. Butter did this. That's how I met Perry Ledderman. And I met Marshall Brickman at the University of Wisconsin, and Paul Christophino. A lot of very heavy musicians in the folk thing. Very heavy. Marshall Brickman was like, you know, the boss, guitar player, fiddle player, piano player, you know. Could knock off a pretty mean banjo too. He was like, you know, very heavy. Knew it all. And we used to exchange. Used to travel up there and mess around. Over night thing. People would put us up in pads. It was a lot of fun.

That's more or less how the coffee house, and later, the band thing got started. It was an off-shoot of the folk societies, you know, people who got together and really dug the music, you know. Dug singing and playing and, that's what they're for. And there it was. A club, full of people really freaky about music. And whether a lot of them were serious, or bla bla bla...you know, it was like the really...for Butter and for myself...Bloomers knew

all about it, you know. There was the Old Town School of Folk Music on the North Side. That was another communication point, you know. That's still there, going good.

So it works. You don't know what's happening until you see it in retrospect...but that's where Butter developed himself as a harmonica player, perfected his chops. Sure, he played guitar. Like he played on *In My Own Dream*, you know.

How I got going down to the South Side and playing was, well, that was a sociological thing. I was really enthralled. I really dug it, you know. And when I left there that first night I was almost deaf. I just didn't believe that they could be socking that music to my head so much that I needed aspirin. Everybody in our party needed aspirin.

But the sociological thing was through, I met a cat who was shining shoes down at the Reynolds Club at the University of Chicago. Where the pool hall was. And the pool hall was right next to the barber shop. And he shined shoes at the barber shop. At night he was a bouncer at Frader's Juke Box Lounge, you know.

And Frader's had two rooms with two bars and two bands. Different Scene. And you walk in, and you're walking into a long bar, a long rectangular bar. Band at the end, you know...and a bar running the length of it, on one side...people sitting all along the bar, tables along this wall here, you know, down...people sitting at those. And the band would be playing. Four piece band. Drums, bass, guitar, and something. Maybe two guitars. Something very fundamental. And you took an immediate left as you walked in, and there was another door right there. O.K.? And the juke box was here. And you walked in there, and there was the big room, right? And that had like a hat check, and a really long bar and three levels. One level was all tables, back and around, sort of a back room thing happening, you know. And the second level was a stage, a big stage. Big stage for dancing. And the top levels would be the bandstand. And on the bandstand were two people. Yeh...S.P. Leary on drums and Babyface Willette on organ. That was the band. And that band swung that giant room, man. Swung it to death...(laughter)...swung it to death. Just played blues like you never heard before, man. And a floor show, girls and dancers. Had a feature singer named 'Good Rockin' Brown. 'Good Rockin' Brown would sing.

So I used to go down there. They had a sound truck parked out in back. You know, we used to sit in the sound truck. They'd go drivin' it around the streets saying 'FRADER'S JUKE BOX LOUNGE'.

Well, I remember the first time I played down there I played at Frader's. I was down there with a guy named N. T. Sternbock. And I don't even remember the band that was on, but they were doing their thing. And I'd gotten to be known as a regular down there, you know, and I told them I played some country blues and stuff. So they called me up to the bandstand. Play a little guitar. So, you know, I said well I'm gonna do it, you know, I'm gonna get up there and play this guitar. So I got up there, put the guitar on, probably the first time I had ever played electric guitar, and there it was. And I started right into the tune and I realized there were only five strings on the guitar. The sixth string was gone, the little one, and that to me was the most important one. It was the only one I could make any semblance of a run on, you know? (laughter). And I needed that string bad. Oh and I was stopped cold. I just chorded my way through. I just chorded my way through and sang. I sang a Lightnin' tune. Sang *Short Haired Woman*. You know... 'I don't want no woman if her hair ain't no longer 'n mine'...Well, I just played that one number. That was the first time I ever played at a joint like that. People thought it was entertainment, you know. Some kind of wierd, freaky thing happening... (laughter)...they thought it was funny. I was really up tight man, with that string gone. But everyone laughed and had a good time, you know. They thought it was really amusing that I would pick that particular song to sing. I think that's what they dug most about it, you know. Sing some wierd old Texas country blues, right? From some funky old cat like Lightnin' Hopkins, right? They thought the incongruity of it was hilarious...

There were a lot of joints down there, man. I think the first time I played with a group out in front was on the Near North Side. Me and Butter went down there. I had an electric guitar and Butter had an electric harp, and we played at a place called the Blind Pig.

Bloomers used to run a place called the Fickle Pickle. Big Joe Williams used to play there. Yeh, and he was another dude that had a lot of influence on cats, man, really. A lot. Underrated cat...stone underrated cat. Like...you just

didn't believe when he was playing, you know. He was so different than anybody else. His accents were so strong...so strongly accented. Such a really...hardest rhythm line in the world, man. And just wierd intonations and stuff. He had like no teeth, right? You could hardly understand him, but he was so full of, you know, life. He was amazing. He is one of the few blues cats to survive hard living for so long. He's in his seventies and still kicking. He's a producer now. He gets his old buddies, his old violin and mandolin playing blues buddies together and lines up a studio and makes phone calls to Pete Welding, and sets it all up. Pete takes care of the financial thing, and they just go in there and record. Yeh, they record all these funky old blues. Just anything they can think of. Anything they want to do.

I think the only reason that white cats even got on to blues was the fact that there were certain really soulful, nice people who went out of their way to communicate to you on a poetic level. You know, went out of their way to everyone, even to the detriment of their own lives. Really went out of their way to communicate, to rap. Just to try to communicate, you know.

Otis Rush and Big Joe Williams were two of these cats. Without them it might have been a whole other story for a lot of people.

A short time after Bloomfield left the *Butterfield Blues Band* to form the *Electric Flag*, he and Nick were working together as a performing and songwriting team. Many of their prolific creations have had great effects on the current scene.

Since the *Flag*, Mike and Nick have been together writing for, performing on and producing records through Albert Grossman. There will be a lot to be hearing from them in the coming months. They have already completed an Otis Rush album, for Atlantic Records, and their coming projects include producing for Janis Joplin and Buddy Guy. Should be exciting listening.

Nick has just finished his debut album due to come out on Columbia Records soon. It will be chock full of tasty, juicy material (most all of which will be original), and should prove to be a listening prerequisite for any musician of today, most particularly the aspiring song writers. □ greg case

Modern New England Gothic **EARTH OPERA**

Of all the record albums to have been released last year, I would pick *Earth Opera* (Elektra EKS 74016) to be my favorite. New groups such as Earth Opera have given more sophistication to rock music, not only on records, but also in concerts.

I find Earth Opera's music very difficult to label. It possesses a genuine literary quality comparable to the Gothic American literature of Nathaniel Hawthorne. In *The Scarlet Letter*, Hawthorne presents a woman who is being tortured by the townspeople because of a sin which she had committed—adultery. Although she is not being physically injured, she is ignored, looked down upon, used as an example, and shunned by society. Hawthorne shows the typical Boston-New England attitude toward a sinner.

Interestingly enough, Earth Opera is one of the groups to be launched from Boston in early 1968, when record companies were seeking new talent in the city. Hence, one would expect their music to reflect the attitudes of the New England city.

"Death By Fire" parallels *The Scarlet Letter* in theme and in attitude. It is extremely well done with brilliant colonial imagery and sarcasm:

In the cobblestone streets of the village

The hawkers and mongers are wagging their tongues

With sly smiles of insinuation they watch her

And talk of the ensuing fun

Her beauty defilement

She will now pay for this crime of lust

The fact that the townspeople are enjoying this person's suffering heightens the effect of gothic romanticism. Peter Rowan, the composer and vocalist of most of the group's material, glorifies the unpleasant situation by supplying the proper musical accompaniment to flatter his lyrics. The song is truly a

masterpiece because it supplies a theme of human significance, subtle poetic imagery, and interesting varying musical patterns.

The album also contains "The Child Bride," a haunting discovery of the loss of love and happiness, presented in the same tone as "Death By Fire." Other songs focus more on musicianship, while the lyrics convey a feeling of emptiness, or show the discovery of oneself. At least two songs are happy ones with catchy tunes about love and the passing of time. "The Red Sox are Winning" is patriotic of Boston, the group's home town, as the title suggests. It is the type of song which reflects the thoughts of the summer of 1967 in Boston. "Home of the Brave" is extremely sarcastic, sometimes violent, and gives an ironic twist to the traditional beliefs of America. It is about a young man returning home from the battlefield with a wound. He sarcastically proclaims that he enjoyed the war and then gives a nasty jeer toward the land he loves:

People all around me
They can't understand
How I lost my hand
But the war was grand
A lovely parade

Here is where I long to be
My home the grave, my land is free

And I know it's paid for
Yes very well paid for....*

Between their first and second albums, Earth Opera has noticeably changed. There are more musicians on the second LP, *The Great American Eagle Tragedy* (Elektra EKS 74038). Flutes and saxophones are added to the band to create a fuller sound. On this album, the band changes from a quiet, soft sound group to one with a little more rock, yet maintaining sophistication. The masterpiece on this album is "The American Eagle



Tragedy," a nearly eleven minute long anti-war composition. It begins with a series of brass harmonies and then launches into a fairy tale-like story about a king who sends boys into a "foreign jungle-war" to die. By mentioning a hunter who kills an eagle and then relating it to the war, the song symbolically shows the death of freedom, the shameful tragedy of the meaning of the American eagle. Emotionally devouring himself, the vocalist erupts at the end of the song with cries of "Stop the war!" The music terminates in great wheezing gasps.

"Mad Lydia's Waltz" on the second



LP could easily fit into the context of their first album. It has that gothic feeling and Boston attitude so prevalent in "Death By Fire." Being about a widow who mysteriously dances through cobblestone alleys, the song stimulates a feeling of pity and eeriness in the listener.

There are gentle songs and humorous ones, as well as a satisfying tune named "Home To You." Each is irresistibly unforgettable. "Roast Beef Love" and "Sanctuary from the Law" both contain a heavier beat than those songs found on the *Earth Opera* LP.

On stage, Earth Opera proves that

it is a band meant to be seen and heard. This theatrical quality is suggested in the dramatic title of the band. One cannot fully appreciate Peter Rowan's exciting "The American Eagle Tragedy" unless he has seen Peter Rowan, the actor, volcanically explode at the end of the song. On stage it is necessary for Rowan to become an actor in order to heighten the meaning of his songs, as well as getting the audience emotionally involved.

Earth Opera is an example of the total synthesis of rock music to date. They are stunningly original in their approach and excel as musicians. Earth

Opera is one of the few modern groups today who has no use for gimmickry or wearing out a technique, as many groups are guilty of. The attitude of their music is usually expressed through the emotional voice of Peter Rowan, who formed the band in Boston, hence echoing some literary themes of the New Englander Nathaniel Hawthorne. □ tom trevorrow

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*"Home Of The Brave" — Copyright © 1968 by Nina Music a division of the Dyna Corp. All rights reserved.

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•BLACK PEARL

(As recorded by Sonny Charles/A&M)

PHIL SPECTOR

TONI WINE

IRWIN LEVINE

Black pearl precious little girl

Let me put you up where you belong

Black pearl pretty little girl

You been in the background much too long

You been working so hard your whole life through

Tendin' other people's houses

Raisin' up their children too

Hey how about something for me and you

Here in my arms you're gonna reign supreme

No more servin' baby

They're gonna serve my queen

It's our turn for happiness and our day has come

Living for each other answering to no one.

Black pearl precious little girl

Let me put you up where you belong

Because I love you

Black pearl pretty little girl

You been in the background much too long

Together we'll stand so straight and so tall

Created by love to love one and all

Hey heart to heart soul to soul

No other one could ever take your place

My world is built around the very smile that's on your face

You'll never win a beauty show

No they won't pick you

But you're my miss America

I love you.

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and Gilbern Music.

•THE APRIL FOOLS

(From the Cinema Center Song Production, The April Fools)

(As recorded by Dionne Warwick/Scepter)

BURT BACHARACH

HAL DAVID

In an April dream

Once she came to me

When you smiled I looked into your eyes.

And I knew I'd be loving you

And then you touched my hand

And I learned April dreams can come true.

Oh are we just April fools

Who can't see all the danger around us

If we're just April fools

I don't care, true love has found us now.

Little did we know

Where the road would lead

Here we are a million miles away from the past

Travelin' so fast now

There's no turning back

If our sweet April dream doesn't last.

Are we just April fools

Who can't see all the danger around us

If we're just April fools I don't care

We'll find our way somehow

No need to be afraid

True love has found us now.

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Music, Inc.

•I TURNED YOU ON

(As recorded by the Isley Brothers/T Neck)

R. ISLEY

O. ISLEY

R. ISLEY

I turned you on

Now I can't turn you off

I turned you on

Now I can't turn you off

What a good good feeling

A great sensation oh you and me baby

A good combination

Sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me sock it to me.

Baby I started but I can't stop

I admit that I started baby

Oh but I can't stop it

What a good good feeling

A great sensation oh you and me baby

A good combination

Sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me sock it to me

Ah get it George.

Oh I turned you on sock it to me

Sock it to me, sock it to me

I turned you on

But I can't turn you off

Baby I said I turned you on

But I can't turn you off

Come on girl light my fire

Set me a little bit higher wooh

Round and round and up and down

we go

Where we gonna stop baby nobody

knows

Sock it to me, whip it to me, give it to me sock it to me, sock it to me.

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Inc.

PARADE OF SONG HITS

• I WANT TO TAKE YOU HIGHER

(As recorded by Sly & The Family Stone/Epic)

SYLVESTER STEWART

Beat is getting stronger
Music's getting longer too
Music is a-flashin' me
I want to, I want to, I want to, I want to,
I want to take you higher
Baby, baby, baby light my fire
I want to take you higher.

Beat is nitty gritty
Sound is in your city too
Music is a-flashin' me
I want to, I want to, I want to, I want
to take you higher
Baby, baby, baby light my fire
I want to take you higher.

Beat is there to make you move
Sound is there to help you groove
Music is a-flashin' me
I want to, I want to, I want to, I want
to take you higher
Baby, baby, baby light my fire
I want to take you higher.

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• I'M STILL A STRUGGLING MAN

(As recorded by Edwin Starr/Gordy)

JOHNNY BRISTOL

DORIS MCNEIL

You better stop foolin' if you want to get
along with me
We grew up on the block and we know a-
bout poverty
Tell your high falootin' friends that we
just can't compete
It's only been a little while and I've just
gotten back on my feet
I'm still a struggling man
Doing the best I can
I can only take it girl
I can only make it girl
Long as you understand.

Know we can make it girl
But I need the love you give
You just compare today to the way we
used to live

Those good times just won't come unless
We struggle and fight
As long as you love me I know
Everything will be all right
I'm still a struggling man
Doing the best I can
I can only take it girl
Long as you understand.

Stop your complaining
Cause I'm aiming to make the grade
Forget those social plans
I'm the man this is my parade
Why should we prove to Mr. Jones
That we're doing fine
He'll find out soon enough
Let's not pay him no mind
I'm still a struggling man
Doing the best I can
I can only take it girl
I can only make it girl
Long as you understand.

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• SPINNIN' WHEEL

(As recorded by Blood, Sweat & Tears/
Columbia)

DAVID CLAYTON THOMAS

What goes up must come down
Spinnin' wheel got to go round
Talkin' 'bout your troubles
It's a cryin' sin
Ride a painted pony let
the spinnin' wheel spin
You got no money, you got no home
Spinnin' wheel all alone
Talkin' 'bout your troubles
And you, you never learn
Ride a painted pony
Let the spinnin' wheel turn
Give your fine directing sign
On the straight and narrow highway
Would you mind a reflecting sign
Just let it shine within your mind and show
you the colors that are real
Someone is waiting just for you
Spinnin' wheel spinnin' true
Drop all your troubles on the riverside
Catch a painted pony on the spinnin'
wheel ride.

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• NO MATTER WHAT SIGN YOU ARE

(As recorded by the Supremes/
Motown)

HENRY COSBY

BERRY GORDY, JR.

Capricorn, Scorpio, Taurus, Gemini, Virgo
Cancer, Pisces, Leo, Libra, Aries, Aquarius
Sagittarius

The moon shines bright above
And the charts declare it's not my night
for love

Ah the beat of my heart
I feel a good vibration
Saying you and me babe
Would make a good combination
There's no need for looking to the stars
Can't you see the stars shine in my eyes
I love you boy, I really love you boy
No matter what sign you are
You're gonna be mine you are
Can't let astrology chart our destiny
No matter what sign you are
You're gonna be mine you are.

The beat of the heart my love
Is stronger than the charts my love
Your water sign just lit my fire
You fill me with such desire
I love you boy, I really love you boy
No matter what sign you are
You're gonna be mine you are
Can't let astrology chart our destiny
Oh no matter what sign you are
You're gonna be mine you are
Need you beside me love
Only you can guide me love
Capricorn, Scorpio, Taurus, Gemini, Virgo
Cancer, Pisces, Leo, Libra, Aries, Aquarius
Sagittarius
I don't care about your rising sign
All I know is when your lips touch mine
You move me boy, you really move me boy
No matter what sign you are
You're gonna be mine you are
Hold me tight, ah hold me, hold me,
hold me, hold me.

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Inc.

• LET ME

(As recorded by Paul Revere and the
Raiders/Columbia)

MARK LINDSAY

Let me, let me, let me
Baby don't you get me?
Let me, let me, let me
Baby, don't you get me
Come on, baby, don't you get me?
Come on, baby, won't you let me?

Can't you see what I'm trying to do?
Doing my best to try to get to you
Don't you hear what I'm trying to say?
All the right words but still you run away
Come on, come on baby don't you get me?
Alright, don't it seem that when you love
somebody
Ain't it right that somebody loves you too?
But I know my love is going somewhere
But I'm sure it ain't being got by you
And it's true won't you try, won't you try
Let me, let me, let me
Baby don't you get me?
Come on baby don't you get me?
Come on baby won't you let me?
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• ALONG CAME JONES

(As recorded by Ray Stevens/
Monument)

JERRY LIEBER

MIKE STOLLER

I plopped down in my easy chair and
turned on Channel Two
A bad gun-slinger called Salty Sam a-was
a-chasin' po' sweet Sue
He trapped her in the old saw mill
And said with an evil laugh,
"If you don't give me the deed to your
ranch,
I'll saw you all in half."
And then he grabbed her, (and then?)
He tied her up, (and then?)
He turned on the buzz saw.
(And then? And then?) eh, eh.

And then along came Jones
Tall, thin Jones, slow walkin' Jones
Slow talkin' Jones along came lonely,
lanky Jones.

Commercial came on, so I got up, to
get myself a snack
You should have seen what was goin' on
by the time I got back.
Down in the old abandoned mine,
Sweet Sue was a-havin' fits.
That villain said, "Give me the deed to
your ranch,
Or I'll blow you all to bits."
And then he grabbed her, (and then?)
He tied her up, (and then?)
He lit the fuse to the dynamite.
(And then? And then?) eh, eh.
(Repeat chorus)

I got so bugged, I turned it off and turned
on another show
But there was the same old shoot-em-
up and the same old rodeo,
Salty Sam was a-tryin' to stuff Sweet Sue
in a burlap sack
He said, "If you don't give me the deed
to your ranch,
I'm gonna throw you on the railroad
track."
And then he grabbed her, (and then?)
He tied her up, (and then?)
A train started comin'
(And then? And then?) eh, eh.

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WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

●ONE

(As recorded by Three Dog Night/
Dunhill)

NILSSON

One is the loneliest number that you'll ever do
Two can be as bad as one
It's the loneliest number since the number one
No is the saddest experience you'll ever know
Yes, it's the saddest experience you'll ever know
Because one is the loneliest number that you'll ever do.

It's just no good anymore
Since she went away
Now I spend my time
Just making rhymes of yesterday
Because one is the loneliest number that you'll ever do
One is the loneliest number, one is the loneliest number
One is the loneliest number that you'll ever do
One is the loneliest number much more worse than two.

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●CRYSTAL BLUE PERSUASION

(As recorded by Tommy James and the
Shondells/Roulette)

T. JAMES

M. VALE

E. GRAY

Look over yonder what do you see
The sun is a-risin' most definitely
A new day's comin'
People are changin' ain't it beautiful
Crystal blue persuasion.

Crystal blue persuasion ah ha
It's a new vibration
Crystal blue persuasion
Crystal blue persuasion
Maybe tomorrow when he looks down on
every green field and every town
All of his children of every nation
There'll be peace and good, brotherhood
Crystal blue persuasion, yeah
Crystal blue persuasion ah ha.

Better get ready
Come see the light
That's all right
So don't you give up now
So easy to find just look to your soul
Open your mind.

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●LOVE ME TONIGHT

(As recorded by Tom Jones/Parrot)

D. PACE

BARRY MASON

PILAT & M. PANZERI

I know that it's late and I really must
leave you alone
But you're good to hold and I feel such
a long way from home
Yes, I know that our love is still new
But I promise it's gonna be true
Please let me stay, don't you send me
away, oh no no

Oh tell me baby that you need me
Say you'll never leave me
Love me tonight
Hold me now my heart is aching
And until the dawn is breaking
Love me tonight
Something is burning inside
Something that can't be denied
I can't let you out of my sight, darling
love me tonight.

I've waited so long for the girl of my
dreams to appear
And now I can hardly believe that you
really are here
Here in my arms you belong
How can this feeling be wrong?
Darling be kind, for I'm out of my mind
over you.

Oh tell me baby that you need me
Say you'll never leave me
Love me tonight
Baby now the pain is stronger
I can't wait a moment longer
Love me tonight
Something is burning inside
Something that can't be denied
I can't let you out of my sight, darling
love me tonight
Let me love you baby
Let me love you baby, let me love you
tonight
Love me tonight.

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●MOODY WOMAN

(As recorded by Jerry Butler/
Mercury)

GAMBLE

BELL

BUTLER

Oh I love you when you hug and kiss
me
I get the feeling that you really miss me
Girl, I can't stand it when you start
acting funny
And look at me like I'm buggin' you
honey
Oh moody woman you change like the
weather
Moody woman but you got it together
Moody, moody, moody woman I love
you
You bet your life I do
Oh variety is the spice of life.

Yes the pain makes the pleasure nice
You make my day when you say you
need me
But that's no way to play when you say
you're gonna leave me
Moody woman, oh I love you
Moody woman I think the world of you
Moody, moody, moody woman I love you
You bet your life I do.

Oh baby you could be impossibly smart
You know you can girl
But I know you love me
You think the world of me
And you got a great big heart.

People tell me that love's blind
There ain't no love as blind as mine
And though I have to suffer when you're
feeling blue
My life would be much tougher if I didn't
have you
Oh moody woman I know all about you
Moody woman I can't live without you
Moody, moody, moody woman I love you
You bet your life I do.

Oh moody woman you think I love you
Moody woman I think the world of you
You been my whole life
Moody woman I don't want to leave you
Moody baby you know that I need you
Why don't you let me love you.

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●I WANNA TESTIFY

(As recorded by Johnny Taylor/Stax)

G. CLINTON

D. TAYLOR

Friends, inquisitive friends are asking me
what's come over me
A change, there's been a change and it's
oh so plain to see
Love just walked in on me and took me
by surprise
Happiness surrounds me, you can see it
in my eyes
Now it was just a little while ago, my life
was incomplete
I was down so doggone low I had to look
up at me feet
Don't you know, I wanna testify what your
love has done for me
Everybody sing, I just wanna testify, oh
girl, what your love has done for me.
Hum - mmmmm lucious, sho been
delicious to me.
Everybody sing (oh girl) I just wanna
testify what your love has done for me
Once I was a hollow man in which a lonely
heart did dwell
Then love came sneaking up on me, bring-
ing hope to an empty shell
Now I've heard so many times before
that your love can be so bad
But I just want to tell you people, it's the
best love I ever had
Talkin' 'bout, I just wanna testify what
your love has done for me
Hear me now, hum - mmmmm
lucious, Sho been delicious to me.
Hear me now, hum - mmmmm lucious,
sho been delicious to me
Bring it home now, I just wanna testify
what your love has done for me.
Everybody sing, I just wanna testify
what your love has done for me.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• I THREW IT ALL AWAY

(As recorded by Bob Dylan/Columbia)

BOB DYLAN

I once held her in my arms
She said she would always stay
But I was cruel I treated her like a fool
I threw it all away.

Once I had mountains in the palm of my hand
Rivers that ran through everyday
I must have been mad
I never knew what I had
Until I threw it all away.

Love is all there is
It makes the world go round
Love and only love
It can't be denied
No matter what you think about it
You just won't be able to do without it
Take a tip from one who's tried.

So if you find someone that gives you
all of her love
Take it to your heart don't let it stray
For there's one thing for certain you will
surely be a-hurtin'
If you throw it all away
If you throw it all away.

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• TOMORROW TOMORROW

(As recorded by the Bee Gees/Atco)
B&M GIBB

Everyday you make me cry girl
I cry too much
Then today you said goodbye girl
It's just too much
I swallowed each and every line that you gave to me
Where is the man that I was and the future that could never be
Tomorrow everyone's gonna know me better
And tomorrow everyone's gonna drink my wine
And tomorrow everyone's gonna read my letter
And my story of love and a love that could never be mine.

Asked you to be my wife girl
You were playing
Now I ask you where is my life girl
You were sayin'
I swallowed each and every line that you gave to me
Where is the man that I was and the future that could never be
Tomorrow everyone's gonna know me better
And tomorrow everyone's gonna drink my wine
And tomorrow everyone's gonna read my letter
And my story of love and a love that could never be mine.

And tomorrow everyone's gonna know me better
And tomorrow everyone's gonna drink my wine
And tomorrow everyone's, everyone's gonna read my letter.

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If you want to you can see
Words of love on chestnut trees
Written by sweet memories.

While we are riding on the avenues of time
The bird of life drinks from the cups of wine
Waits until we're ready for
The prince's gift of love.
Things ain't like they used to be
Love's the only thing I see
Wings of life are taking flight from the darkness to the light.
Secret mirror photographs, shining in your eyes

I'm married to the universe, my brother is the sky
Stars can see to make a wish
And hearts with wings can fly
Come with me and see my love
So we can never die.

Rivers rushing to the sea
Love is flowing endlessly
Drops of rain are never lost
Soul and spirit to its source.

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• MY CHERIE AMOUR

(As recorded by Stevie Wonder/Tamla)
COSBY

WONDER
MOY

La la la la la la la
La la la la la la
My cherie amour, lovely as a summer day
My cherie amour, distant as the Milky Way
My cherie amour, pretty little one that I adore
You're the only girl my heart beats for
How I wish that you were mine.
In the cafe or sometimes on a crowded street
I've been near you
But you never noticed me
My cherie amour, won't you tell me how could you ignore
There behind that little smile I wear
How I wish that you were mine
La la lala la la lala
La la la la lala
Baby some day you'll see my face among the crowd
Baby some day I'll share your little distant cloud
Oh cherie amour
Pretty little one that I adore
You're the only girl my heart beats for
How I wish that you were mine
La la la la la la la
La la la la la la la.

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• BABY DRIVER

(As recorded by Simon & Garfunkel/Columbia)

PAUL SIMON

My daddy was the family bass man
My mama was an engineer
And I was born one dark grey morn with music coming in my ears, in my ears
They call me baby driver
And once I found a pair of wheels
I'm just rollin' along
What's my number
I wonder how your engines feel
Scoot down the road, what's my number
I wonder how your engines feel.
Sha-la-li.

My daddy was the family frog man
My mama's in the Naval Reserve
When I was young I carried a gun
But I never got the change to serve
I did not serve
They call me baby driver
And once I found a pair of wheels
I'm just rollin' along
What's my number
I wonder how your engines feel
Scoot down the road, what's my number
I wonder how your engines feel.

My daddy got a big promotion
My mama got a raise in pay
There's no one home, we're all alone
Oh come to my room and play
Yes we can play
I'm not talkin' 'bout your pigtailed
But I'm talkin' 'bout your sex appeal
Just rollin' along
What's my number
I wonder how your engines feel
Scoot down the road
What's my number
I wonder how your engines feel.

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• SEE

(As recorded by Rascals/Atlantic)

FELIX CAVALIERE

Things ain't like they used to be
Love's the only thing I see
Wings of life are taking flight
From the darkness to the light.
I used to try and fly away
Upon the flood of dreams
Tasting all the good and bad
From the serpents tree
Little ones remind us of a place we used to be
Echoes of the ever land
Discover who you really am.
Rivers rushing to the sea
Love is flowing endlessly
Drops of rain are never lost
Soul and spirit to its source
Saw you in a fairy tale
Or was it just a dream
White and yellow jasmine trees
Time a mere machine
Flashes of a new year light up a stellar sky
Love is really everywhere to see it is to fly.
Things ain't like they used to be

WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

•THE BOXER

(As recorded by Simon & Garfunkel/
Columbia)

PAUL SIMON

I am just a poor boy
Though my story's seldom told
I squandered my resistance for a pocket
full of mumbles such are promises
All lies and jest
Still a man hears what he wants to hear
and disregards the rest.

When I left my home and my family
I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers in the quiet
of a railway station runnin' scared

Laying low seeking out the poorer quarters
where the ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would
know
Li la li, li la li, la la la li, etc.

Asking only workman's wages I came
looking for a job
But I get no offers
Just a come on from the whores on 7th
Avenue
I do declare there were times when I was
so lonesome I took comfort there
La la li, li la li, li la li, etc.

La la la, la la la, li la li, etc.
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was gone, going home
Where the New York City winters aren't
bleeding me, leading me going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a
fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders of every
glove that laid him down
Or cut him till he cried out in his anger
and his shame
"I am leaving, I am leaving"
But the fighter still remains
Li la li, li la li, li la li, etc.

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•EVERY DAY WITH YOU GIRL

(As recorded by the Classics IV/
Imperial)

BUDDY BUIE
J.B. COBB

Everyday with you girl
Is sweeter than the day before
Everyday I love you more and more
More and more and more
They're saying that all good things must
come to an end

But girl it isn't true
Each day with you I fall in love again
Everyday with you girl
Is sweeter than the day before

Everyday I love you more and more
More and more and more
And when I go to sleep at night time
Tomorrow's what I'm praying for
Cause everyday with you girl
Is sweeter than the day before.

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•DON'T LET THE JONESES GET YOU DOWN

(As recorded by the Temptations/
Gordy)

WHITFIELD
STRONG

People gather 'round me
It's to whom it may concern
I'm not trying to run your life
But you're never too old to learn
Stop worrying about your neighbors
And the fancy things they got
Cause if you do you'll find it sure
You're gonna wind up on the spot
Don't let the Joneses, don't let the Joneses,
don't let the Joneses, get you down, oh
down

One more time don't let the Joneses, don't
let the Joneses don't let the Joneses, don't
let the Joneses get you down, oh down.

Ah, you may not believe it but nine times
out of ten it's true
The people you're trying to keep up with
Are trying to keep up too
Remember that old saying
All that glitters ain't gold
Take heed, don't ignore it
Until your money time will hold
Oh don't let the Joneses, don't let the
Joneses, don't let the Joneses, get
you down, oh down
Hear me now, now
Don't let the Joneses, don't let the
Joneses, don't let the Joneses get
you down, oh down.

You're lying to yourself but you don't
even know it
You're so busy following the Joneses
You ain't got time to show it

Keeping up with the Joneses
You know it makes your life a mess
Bill collectors, tranquilizers and getting
deeper in debt
You better leave the Joneses alone
Tell 'em one more time
You better leave oh leave the Joneses alone.

Ah ha the Joneses got a new car today
Here's what you should say
That's fine for the Joneses
Instead you worry till your whole head
turns grey
Remember it's their car and their the one
who had to pay
So leave the Joneses alone
Listen your car might be old
But remember it never fails to get you
where you wanna go

Don't let the Joneses, don't let the Joneses,
get you down, oh down.
Hear me now
Don't let the Joneses, don't let the Joneses,
don't let the Joneses get you down, oh
down
You're doing fine
Don't let the Joneses get you down
Now listen, if you see something you want
And you know you can't afford it
The very next thing for you to do is start
saving towards it
The Joneses are one in town for how many
persons you see
So people take my advice and let the Joneses
be

Don't let the Joneses get you down, oh down
Don't let the Joneses, don't let the Joneses,
don't let the Joneses get you down, oh
down
You're doing fine
Don't let the Joneses get you down
You're doing fine
Don't let the Joneses get you down.

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•LOVE MAN

(As recorded by Otis Redding/Atco,
OTIS REDDING)

I'm a love man
Call me the love man
Oh baby I'm a love man
That's what they call me
I'm a love man
I'm six feet one weigh 210
Long hair, pretty fair skin
Long, legged and I'm out of sight
Hey look out I wanna take you out.

Cause I'm a love man
That's what they call me
I'm a love man
Make love to you in the morning girl
Make love to you at night
Make love to you when you think about it
I wanna make sure everything's all right
Cause I'm a love man
Oh baby I'm a love man
That's what they call me, I'm a love man
Big, big ole love man
Six feet one weigh 210
Long hair, pretty fair skin
I'm long legged and I'm out of sight
My, my baby I wanna take you out
Cause I'm a love man
Oh baby I'm a love man.

Love man that's all I am
I'm just a love man
Oh baby they call me the love man
Yes I am, I'm just a love man
Which one of you girls want me to hold
you
Which one of you girls want me to kiss you
Which one of you girls want me to take
you out
Lord I'm just gonna knock you all out
Cause baby I'm a love man, all right
Oh baby, I'm a love man
Let me tell you I said I'm just a love man
Good ole man, I'm just a love man
I'm just a love man.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

●SPECIAL DELIVERY

(As recorded by 1910 Fruitgum Co./
Buddah)

B. GENTRY

B. BLOOM

What makes me feel so good
I got your lovin' every day
Just like you know you should
You keep it coming, coming my way
Yeah yeah yeah
Ain't no lie, tell you that I
Ain't never felt so fine
It's for sure, tell you that your up on
the top one of a kind
You bring your love to me, special
delivery
Special delivery, you give your love to
me.

Who got the love I need
Baby, it's you and I know for sure
You know the way to please
And when I need it you got the cure
Let me tell you now
Ain't no lie, tell you that I
Ain't never felt so fine
It's for sure, tell you that you're on the
top one of a kind
You bring your love to me, special
delivery
Special delivery, you give your love to me.

All right, up on the top, one of a kind
You bring your love to me, special delivery
Special delivery, you give your love to me
You bring your love to me, special delivery
Yeah yeah yeah
Special delivery, you give your love to me.

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hoona Tunes.

●IMAGINE THE SWAN

R. ARGENT
C. WHITE

(As recorded by the Zombies/Date)

Well I have a picture in color of you
And it's there in my room to remind me of
you
So it was with surprise that I saw you today
And I would not recognize you girl
What more can I say
For the colors are gone
You've become kind of grey
And you're not like the swan
That I knew yesterday
Now the picture's all wrong
You've become kind of grey
I imagine the swan
That you were yesterday.

The sadness that I felt was hard on my
eyes
And the truth on my face was hard to
disguise
So I let you walk by
I turned out of your way
And I tried to close my eyes
And let the sadness fall away
For the colors are gone
You've become kind of grey
And you're not like the swan
That I knew yesterday
Now the picture's all wrong
You've become kind of grey
I imagine the swan
That you were yesterday.

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●BAD MOON RISING

(As recorded by Creedence Clearwater
Revival/Fantasy)

JOHN FOGERTY

I see a bad moon rising
I see trouble on the way
I see earthquakes and lightning
I see bad times each day
Don't go 'round tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a bad moon on the rise.

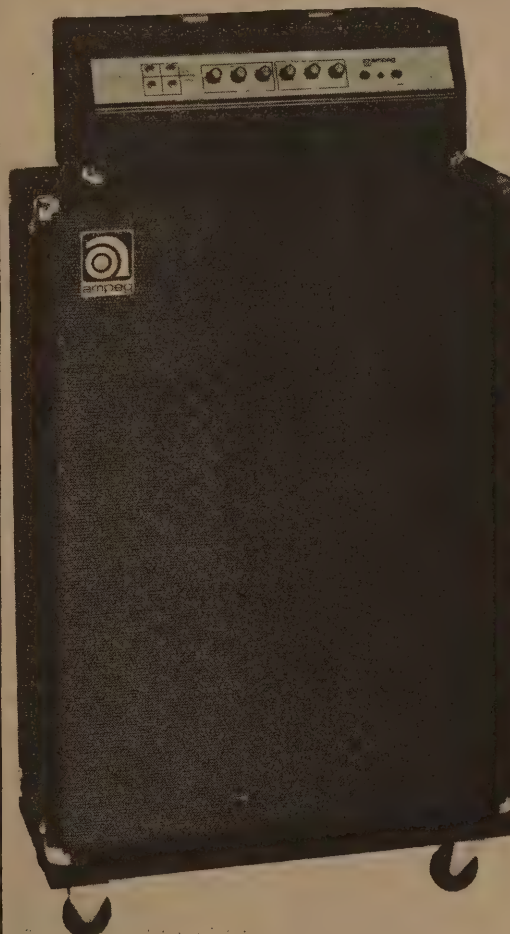
I hear hurricanes a-blowin'
I know the end is coming soon

I hear rivers overflowin'
I hear the voice of rage and ruin
(Repeat chorus).

Hope you got your things together
Hope you are quite prepared to die
Looks like we're in for nasty weather
One eye is taken for an eye
Don't go 'round tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a bad moon on the rise
Don't come 'round tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a bad moon on the rise.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•MEDICINE MAN

(As recorded by Buchanan Brothers/Event)

TERRY CASHMAN

GENE PISTILLI

T. P. WEST

Come close

The changes are drastic
You've been trippin' the light fantastic
Your soul's in a shakedown, baby, you're
headed for a breakdown
I've got the potion, perpetual motion
I've got the potion, perpetual motion
Put your faith in me, don't you know.
I'm the man, understand
I'm the only one who can
I'm the bad, make you glad, medicine man
Got the cure, it's for sure
I'm the one you're lookin' for
I'm the bad, make you glad, medicine man

Come close, come close, come close, come
close

I'm loaded for action
I guarantee you satisfaction
My baby needs huggin'
My baby needs some super lovin'
I've got the potion, perpetual motion
I've got the potion, perpetual motion
Right here in my hand
(Repeat chorus).
Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on,
hold tight now don't let go
Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on,
hold tight now don't let go
I've got the potion, perpetual motion
I've got the potion, perpetual motion
I've got the potion, perpetual motion
Put your faith in me, yeah
(Repeat chorus).

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•THE RIVER IS WIDE

(As recorded by the Grass Roots/
Dunhill)

GARRY KNIGHT

BILLY JOE ADMIRE

The sky was clear on that windy day
Then the clear blue sky began to turn
to gray
Then the lightning flashed, the thunder
roared above
Then fall a drop of rain to start our love.

The river is wide and the river is long now
Water runs deep
And the current is strong now
Ya better not fight
Cause it won't be right now, you'll see.

Into a stream fell our drop of rain
Became a part, took hold and down it came
As it hit each rock our hearts could feel
the pain
Don't try to stop our little drop of rain.

•ATLANTIS

(As recorded by Donovan/Epic)

DONOVAN LEITCH

(Spoken)

The Continent of Atlantis was an island
Which lay before the great flood in the
area we now call the Atlantic Ocean
So great an area of land that from her
western shores
Those beautiful sailors journeyed to the
south
And the north Americas with ease
In their ships with painted sails
To the east Africa was a neighbor across
A short strait of sea miles
The great Egyptian age is but a rem-
nant of the Atlantiatic culture
The antediluvian kings colonized the world
All the gods who played in the mythologi-
cal dramas
In all legends from all lands were from
fair Atlantis

Knowing her fate Atlantis sent out ships
to all corners of the earth
On board were the twelve
The poets, physician, the farmer, the
scientist, the magician
And other so called gods of our legends
Though gods they were and as the elders
of our time choose to remain blind.

Let us rejoice and let us sing and dance
and ring in the new
Hail Atlantis!
Way down below the ocean where I wanna
be
She may be
Way down below the ocean where I wanna
be
She may be.

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International Corp., 1619 Broadway,
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The river is wide and the river is long now
Water runs deep
And the current is strong now
Ya better not fight
Cause it won't be right now, you'll see.

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•WHERE'S THE PLAY - GROUND SUSIE

(As recorded by Glen Campbell/Capitol)
JIM WEBB

The end has come and found us here
With our toys scattered all around us here
The puzzle that we never found an answer
for
Still ask us darling just what all the games
were for
And here we stand in a box of sand
Where's the playground Susie
You're the one who's supposed to know
her way around
Where's the playground Susie
If I don't stay around
If I don't stay around.

The carousel has stopped us here
It twirled a time or two and then it
dropped us here
And still you're not content with some-
thing about me
But what merry-go-round can you ride
without me
To take your hand, how would you stand
Where's the playground Susie
If I decide to let you go and play around
Where's the playground Susie
If I don't stay around
If I don't stay around.

Where's the playground Susie
You're the one who's supposed to know
her way around
Where's the playground Susie
If I decide to let you go and play around.

•PINBALL WIZARD

(As recorded by The Who/Decca)

PETER TOWNSHEND

Ever since I was a young boy
I played the silver ball
From Soho down to Brighton
I must have played them all
Well I ain't seen nothing like him in any
amusement hall
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pinball.

He stands like a statue
It don't bother the machine
Feeling all the bumpers
Always playing clean
Plays by intuition the digit counts his ball
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pinball.

He's a pinball wizard
That has to be a twist
A pinball wizard's got such a soulful

wrist
How do you think he does it?
I don't know
What makes him so good
Ain't got no distractions
Can't hear no buzzers and bells
Don't see no light a-flashin'
He plays by sense of smell
Always gets the replay
Never seen him fall
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pinball.

I thought I was the Bonny table king
But I just handed my pinball crown to him
They brung my favorite table
He can't beat my best
His disciples lead him in
And he just does the rest
He's got crazy flippin' fingers
Never seen him fall
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
Sure plays a mean pinball.

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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

Is your blood-sugar level low? I suggest *Postcard* as an antidote; the eagerly awaited Paul McCartney production of Mary Hopkin should become standard first aid equipment for treatment of diabetic seizures. To get the worst over, yes, there is one really gorge-raising number in the album, a Nilsson composition called "The Puppy Song" that sounds like material from a Walt Disney cartoon soundtrack--and, yes, too often for comfort, Mary sings like a parody of Joan Baez. But Mary's voice is so innocent and so nearly perfect that she is oddly charming to hear, even when lacking authority; for, lacking authority, she also lacks completely the ugly egotism that strains the work of some more experienced performers--but anyway, there is more--luckily--than Miss Hopkin's innocence here to arrest us. The choice of songs is national, idiosyncratic, but McCartney's leisurely, heavily drum-accented, almost mincing treatments for "There's No Business Like Show Business" and "Prince en Avignon" are original and utterly fascinating. His influence permeates the whole album. McCartney's most inspired choice is a never-before-recorded and first-class Donovan song called "Voyage of the Moon"--a work of extra-terrestrial fantasy--a repeated melody that waxes and wanes, chaining together delicately detailed images like stencils that accumulate to a surprisingly powerful (though characteristically gentle) denouement. Donovan's moon-stroked ships are strictly non-technological....NASA will never realize what can be done with a little gauze and lemon peel.....

Another Donovan song, "Lord of the Reedy River," also on record for the first time--a strange and most erotic recital of a girl's infatuation for a swan--is less suited to Mary's voice--I think it is a little too kinky for her at this point. Although she tries hard, the sultry intricacy of "Reedy River" just barely eludes her. It takes a certain amount of sophistication, after all, for a singer to convincingly project such a refined piece of material. You can hear a male voice singing along under Mary's here, on the left speaker, that just might be Coach McCartney.



Paul's stamp is nowhere more evident than in his production of an old 1930's song called "Love is the Sweetest Thing"--Mary exploits her babyfine upper range en-

chantingly here (Jeanette MacDonald??)--and in the last half of the song Paul attacks with marzipan abandon, bringing on voluptuous cream-horns and gingerbread Hollywood strings. "The Honeymoon Song" is brightly, lushly exotic, much in the mood of McCartney's own romantic ballads. Surprisingly, this was written by Mikis Theodorakis, a political exile who is acknowledged as the most famous--and possibly the greatest--composer in Greece today. Theodorakis is best known as a symbol of resistance to tyranny--but the song has no political connotations; it is sweetly intimate and personal.

Mary comes across with dignity in "Blodwyn Gwyn," a traditional song from her own home, proud Wales.... and of course, "Those Were The Days" is included, if you liked that overlong bit of quasi-Russophile nostalgia. Paul McCartney and his malleable young discovery bring to fresh life here a whole side of pop music that young people had nearly abandoned, or tolerated only in the spirit of Tiny Tim's humorous offerings. *Post Card* is no joke; it is a small work of art, and my guess is that people under thirty will like it just as much as the old folks will.

Before I forget about it--(and I don't want to forget about it)--I would like to put down a few words in favor of *Two Virgins*--I am not exactly on a crusade to keep millionaire Beatles from the Poor Farm--but I think it would be worth your while to make a strong attempt to get hold of this album. It is a wonderful, strange thing, like Lennon's "Revolution # 9" but much more personal and selective in material--and like all atmosphere music, it takes getting used to. This kind of music is almost opposite to something like *Post Card*. John uses old phonograph records to create a sometimes savage comment--nostalgia gone amok--and Yoko suggests with her strange crooning both the ancient infinity of the Orient and the tragedy of relentless modern technology; and the resulting alienation--sometimes almost simultaneously....ambivalence....she moans of being starved and, a few seconds later, simulates vomiting, while John murmurs soothingly, "That's right dear. Bring it all up dear... you're going to be all right dear..." *Two Virgins* isn't just something you listen to--it adds another dimension to a room; it is a kind of "operetta" showing how the violence and disorder of the polluted world intrudes upon the sensibilities of two vulnerable, irritable people, and how they react.

Sure, not everybody is going to like it--but there are approximately 30,000 copies locked up in various places around the USA, and they deserve to be--must be--liberated. On the cover is a quote from Paul McCartney--"When two great saints meet it is a humbling experience...The long battles to prove he was a saint." That is almost a prophecy of the current struggle over *Two Virgins* and its controversial cover, a cover which is absolutely integral to the concept of the album, for it makes the same point visually as the music inside: two brave, forthright and creatively honest people who will stand up in the world and--non-violently--insist upon communicating their essential values. □

*An Interview with Ian Anderson of **JETHRO TULL***



More than two centuries ago, an Englishman named Jethro Tull, departing from this life, left us two legacies: the horse-drawn plow (or plough, if you will), which he is said to have invented, and his name which is now borne forth from old England by one of the latest and greatest of their stellar musical exports.

Old Jethro's modern namesake is a four-man band which generally plays down the blues sound, so universally affected by the newer British groups, in favor of a thing of their own. You might call it jazz-rock; surprisingly, the group doesn't object to such labelling. But mostly it's Ian Anderson, the flute-player and vocalist who dominates the sound with his sophisticated yet most energetic style, and the stage act with his incredible motion. The group's Reprise LP, *This Was*, is an entertaining piece of sound, one which doesn't attempt to be a summation of the world's musical experience, or to be the ultimate destruction of man's thinking capacities. It reflects the influence of some other great musicians, chiefly the unique jazzman Roland Kirk. But it moves very nicely and unpretentiously in its own groove.

The aforementioned Ian Anderson is also Jethro Tull's self-appointed spokesman, facing alone all the hordes of writers and interviewers while Martin Barre, Clive Bunker and Glenn Cornick, one assumes, soak up the California sunshine. So it was Ian who came to our place one warm March day, functionally dressed in what might well pass for the garb of an 18th-century ploughman. A university graduate, he turned out to be a very articulate gentleman, so much so that this writer was hardly able to get a word in! And now the tape machine spins forth the thoughts and words of Ian Anderson....

"I am spokesman for the group only because I am more articulate. It's just very, very difficult to talk to people, particularly when they're journalists. Nowadays there's such a tendency to be drawn into rather elevated issues, getting into discussions about politics and sex. It's very easy for people to be drawn into these discussions and say their own little bit. By my doing the talking, we just don't talk about it at all. The whole thing is a lot of rubbish. I don't believe I have any responsibility to the kids to preach any feelings I have on these sort of subjects. I don't know anything about them. I know nothing about war or politics or anything else.

HP: Well, let's talk about music then. What are some of your reactions to playing for people in America, as opposed to England?

IAN: There isn't actually a lot of difference when it comes down to playing in front of people... The only really obvious difference that I've come across is that people here seem to want to get away with things, which is a little bit disturbing to me. I've been used to playing to people who are neither super-conscious or aware, or in any way less conscious or aware, than they would be at any time during the day, doing whatever they do in the daytime. It's a little disturbing playing to people who are, to quote, turned on. It's difficult to know how to play to them. It's disturbing to know that they must to some extent imagine that I personally, and the other fellows in the band, are just the same as them, y'know.

As for some of the music I've heard here... Blood Sweat & Tears I like very much. Paul Butterfield. I like those bands because they're disciplined bands. When you listen to them you feel you're hearing the results of people having taken a lot of time and trouble to do a thing well, accurately, tastefully, thoughtfully. It's good to be given that sort of a pleasantly wrapped package. After having paid money to sit and listen, it's a good feeling. I probably say this because we do the other thing, by and large. We do a lot of improvised things that some nights are rubbish and some nights are good. You feel that Blood Sweat & Tears is a constant good thing. I don't revel in the music, the individual songs, the style particularly. I like some of the things they do, but it's just the overall presentation of the whole thing that's so professional, and very good to listen to. It gives me a good feeling 'cause it's so disciplined. I like disciplined music, because it's something I don't have.

I've listened to some jazz, but never really taken it in, because it always is way beyond me technically. I can't think chords that fast, and I can't play the changes like those people do. They move with the chords so quickly, they know every note on the instrument. Whatever I play, if it ever does sound like jazz, it's because I'm making the most of what I know. I'd rather be tasteful than fantastic and clever.

I don't mind when people call our music "jazz-rock" if that's the

way they say it. Fair enough. People can call it whatever they want to call it. The only thing that would worry me is if they say it was badly played. I'm anxious to please mostly. Basically I like to please people. I know I can't please everyone, but it's important to me to try. I sort of compromise between pleasing myself and pleasing the people, because I know I couldn't do either one perfectly. If there's something I do that I don't really like doing very much, but I know the people like it, I don't mind being swayed by that. I don't think that's a bad thing. I have enough of a sort of total power, when I want to, to last me. I don't have to be able to play everything I want to play.

HP: Let's talk about that "total power." Many people have spoken of how much power rock musicians have over people.

IAN: It'd be nice to say something that would start people too... kick people up off their bottoms and make them sort of sit up and think... be nice to play pop stars again, you know. Driving Rolls-Royces and Cadillacs and flying around in balloons. All the pop stars in England used to do strange things from time to time. People like The Who, y'know, sort of ravers who went to clubs, destroying bars and things, getting in fights. They'd maintain their image off-stage, in ways that would make the papers. It was really quite cute. They hardly do that any more. Everybody now is picking flowers. It's OK, a sign of the times. I never went through

that pop star thing. I just heard about it. I live in an age of pacifiers - people who want to say about everything, "Oh, that's cool." That's sort of what everybody wants everything to be. I never did rip up seats in trains and things. I really do wish we could do something sort of wild and abandoned, like the pop stars did. Be nice to put the spice of life back into the pop business. It was phony, but it was a valid thing, it was an honest thing. Really, looking back on it, it was sort of an honest way of asserting your position in life. I intend to be very aggressive in some ways, sometimes. Everybody's sort of going around now and saying let's be vulgar and obscene. It's the revolution thing. But that isn't the sort of aggression I'm talking about. I'm talking about being aware of things. The whole point of the revolution thing is just an offshoot of the whole hippie thing anyway, the aggressive side of it.

There isn't really much I can do to take advantage of my position. It doesn't help much; in fact it makes life harder. All there is for me is the actual moment of playing on stage. Sometimes it's tragic. Sometimes you come off and want to cry. Other times you come off and you feel good, you know. People have enjoyed something you have done. You enjoyed doing it and got some money for it. The money's pretty important, I suppose, though I have yet to see much evidence of it. Most groups lose money coming to America. A lot of expenses you don't realize are expenses, till you



see that nobody's going to pay for it except you. If you want profit, you can always try to find it in the half percent that's left. It's much more profitable for us at the moment to play in England. But it's even worse for American groups over there than it is for us here, because they cannot earn the money, y'know. That English money isn't worth much, really. The only thing an English tour is worth for an American group is selling that extra few thousand records, which is all it could mean to them. It's a sort of prestige thing, having tied up another country. Consider that selling thirty, forty thousand records in England can get you into the Top Ten of albums; that amount means nothing in the States. American groups could do just as well by doing a little more work over here. An unknown American group in England couldn't earn much. The Iron Butterfly would be worth a hundred quid a night over there right now (\$240-ed.) But they want to do it, and they're coming. They're doing a tour with us, in fact.

Most English groups want to come to America; they have to, if they want to make any more than just a reasonable sort of living. You got to be right at the top to make a lot of money in England. But England is still more important to me. The people, I understand 'em; I feel a sort of sympathy for the people. I can understand what makes them laugh, what they like and dislike about music. I don't say they're a better or worse audience, but I do know them. I don't like to offend people, and I do a lot of that over here in the States. It's a little bit upsetting not understanding people. I like it here, look forward to coming back, because it's a sort of a challenge. I have got to change, which is something I should accept, go about it in a slow careful way. I do like it.

HP: Are you going to make another LP soon?

IAN: We're doing it the first two weeks after we return to England. It'll be a little different. Our music has changed. I've written some more songs, that's all there is to it. It's not a conscious attempt to progress. Technically you progress, what you're capable of doing, your ability to write songs, arrange songs, progresses. The songs are just new songs, just a reflection of the times since I last wrote a bunch of songs. Now of course there'll be a change because Mick Abrahams (guitarist on This

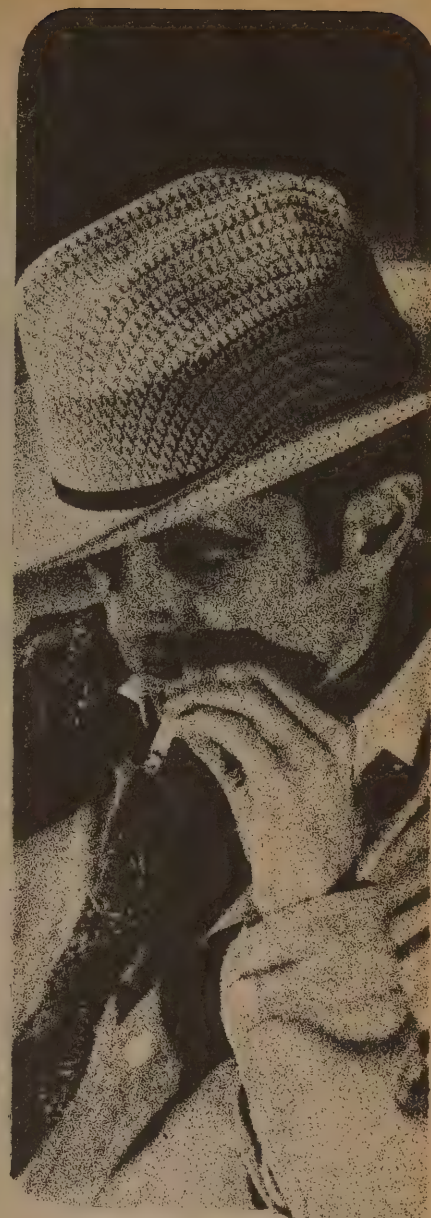
Was-ed.) isn't there any more. He's gone. He was getting a bit difficult to work with. Not in terms of musical aspirations — just in terms of business ideas, management ideas. Personality-wise, there was always a bit of a clash. He didn't want to come to America; he didn't want to work seven nights a week; he didn't want to be a pop star, so he had to go. We got someone else — Martin Lancelot Barre. We picked somebody who could play pretty much in the style of the other guitarist. Because we didn't want it to be some sudden jump in terms of our overall sound. But he's a good person to work with, get along with. Coming into the group at this stage made him suddenly aware of the fact that he's got to work really hard, really do something to justify his being with the band. A good thing. It's nice to have people who are on their toes.

The next album will have some of the things we're doing on stage now, probably half of them. There'll be a few more which are things we're not doing on stage — they'll be treated as a sort of recorded kind of music as opposed to the sort of thing we play. They'll be in the same sort of sound, but we'll get into production techniques more because we know more about it than we did. We can afford to take chances now, looking for the best way to achieve good recorded sound in terms of listening to stereo. But we also want to get as near to the style of the group on stage as we can. It takes months to find out, trial and error-wise, what is the best sort of program.

We'll be using 8-track for the next album; it gives a lot more freedom when it comes to stereo. Our first album was all done on 4-track, drums and bass and sometimes guitar always on the same track, which is terrible when it comes to a stereo mix.

HP: Well, that's very interesting. Nice talking to you. (Etc.)

IAN: Well, if you want to know more you can always read the press releases anyway. Some of these are quite funny. Most of the interviews you read, you know, are really very asserting of the interviewer's personality. It's very interesting to read them when you know the bloke. Different strange people, some of them are very ordinary people, all have their own way of writing, make it their own particular way of doing it. I haven't read any interviews I've done. □ barret hansen & ian



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Jaqui McShee was very reluctant to leave the hotel at all while The Pentangle was in New York. The pace and audacity of New York was a bit much for her, a fragile looking cameo-placid slip of an English girl. "Horrific" was a word she used often as she spoke. "I haven't ventured out so far and I don't think I would. If I came back again, I'd be all right but it's just *horrific* out there, getting accosted all over the place and all. I feel much more at home even in Europe than here, where everyone sort of speaks English."

Sort of speaks English???

None of the members of the Pentangle felt at home on the stage of the Fillmore East the previous night, a Friday. Though they received a standing ovation, their set, for them, was considerably strained. They're not used to 45 minute sets and all that amplification. They felt they had to ask that the light show be omitted. The Fillmore East, they all agreed, was not their thing, not their thing at all. Bert Jansch, a slight, gentle spoken man has always, he will tell you, been appalled by what he calls "psychedelic music". "I can understand it on records," he explained, where you can select the volume level. But in concert—too loud, it's awful."

They had come from London where, so they report, the rock scene is dead. They are a significant part of a thriving folk scene. There's a folk club in every town in England, very likely two. Young folksingers and instru-

mentalists have devoted followings and the Incredible String Band are stars. There is a strong contingent of "real" folksingers, venerable beery Irishmen who wail into the night in pubs all over Great Britain. For folk music, the town of Bristol is Mecca.

Melody Maker, the leading British music magazine devotes the last three pages of each issue to folk and a cursory perusal of the book reveals that there are at least as many folk clubs as there are discos and psychedelic clubs. The rock and roll boom that exploded five years ago in England has simmered to a musty wheeze and though there is a major transportation problem, fans manage to get to the four or five folk clubs within traveling distance of any town all week long.

There's a wealth of traditional English, Irish, Scottish and Welsh material to draw from, Eastern, classical and jazz elements to assimilate into original material assembled from the rich melodic fragments of music on the scene. The folk clubs are usually situated in the back rooms of old pubs where massive wooden walls and dim light ensconce the audience which indulges in beer and chips and this lovely, tenuous, accoustic music. The Pentangle are used to such an environment, their own audience and a good couple of hours to work it all out.

Jaqui's voice is staunch and flexible with an archaic air about it. The first thing that strikes you is her piercing

The Special Beauty Of

THE PENTANGLE

clarity. She listened to Caroline Hester a great deal in earlier days and it sounds as if she was impressed with Baez interpretations of Child ballads as well. The musicians, most of which are accomplished studio men, provide a stunning combination of sounds. John Renbourn, with no mean reputation as a folksinger and instrumentalist is a gifted, intriguing guitarist, Bert Jansch has been celebrated by Donovan in song ("yes, I know Donovan, lovely fellow, we were good friends. He lives off in the country in a cottage now and I don't see much of him. I like him very much, no, I just don't have any idea why he'd write a song about me, no idea at all.")

Danny Thomas, a jolly extrovert, plays double bass and contrary to Bert, he loves all kinds of music. His own work with The Pentangle is heavily infused with jazz and one might guess he particularly enjoys the improvisational numbers the group has worked out. He wasn't the least bit upset by New York and was about to split to buy some records, old Coltrane some Bill Evans. He's fascinated with Bill Evans' bass player, Scott LaFaro who died some years ago in an automobile accident.) Did he, I wanted to know, understand what Coltrane albums like "Om" and "Mediations" were all about? "No, but Coltrane understood it and if I get into it maybe in 10 years' time I will." Coltrane died fairly recently too, right? We get off on a tangent about how gifted musicians who get into very far-out things very often meet with peculiar and sudden death. Hmmm...Jaqui is astonished by the conversation.

The percussionist, Terry Cox, a talkative, raffish mutton-chopped gamin, plays drums and glockenspiel fusing a delicate, complex and energetic rhythm pattern with the vocals, guitar and bass. It's a refreshing sound. Sometimes, on semi-improvisational numbers like their legendary "Pentangling" they go on for as long as an hour. They felt very much restrained by a 45 minute set. And I, for one, found myself wishing I could hear them do a set in which they were loose and comfortable.

Their latest album, "Sweet Child" (Reprise 6334) is a double disc set, two sides of concert, two sides of studio songs, 22 articles of musical beauty in all, each a complicated fragile network of gentle melodic sounds and sliding vocal and rhythmic combinations. (The album is programmed so that sides one and two are on different discs; the concert and studio portions can be stacked and played in sequence. It's delightful and considerate and I wish other artists releasing two-disc sets would follow suit.)

The range of material is expansive,

(folk, blues, lovely Bert Jansch compositions, a triad of 14th and 16th century dances, children's songs and a *capella* vocals by Jaqui,) but the musical identity of the Pentangle is pervasive. They manage to give each song or instrumental a crisp, original profile and color the song bodies with sparkling, very classy little riffs. It's all so beautifully controlled, so precisely balanced, executed with what seems like such ease and aplomb that you might not even think to consider how painstakingly each passage is arranged. Quite a relief from the barrage of fanfare rock and roll that flings its self-proclaimed genius in your face. The Pentangle music is simply (rather, fascinatingly) enchanting.

They play in careful ensemble and all the hundreds of tiny moving parts pull equal weight in the elaborate counterpoint. You can hear bits of Segovia, overtones of jazz, licks from Paul Simon and home grown country blues in their bag of tricks, often all in one piece. It's not quite the thing to jolt your body around, it all kind of breezes gently through your head and infatuates a willing heart. You do have to be willing. They're not about to ravish the audience, they just make nice. Very nice.

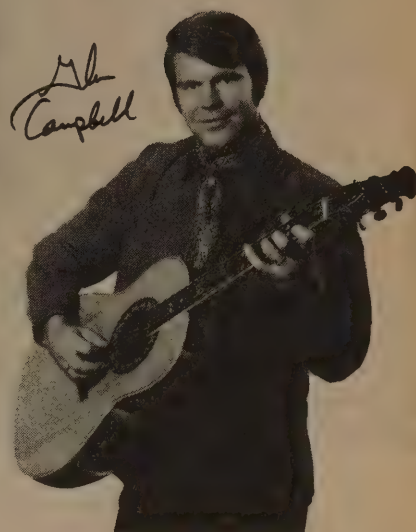
The Pentangle were correct in assuming that New York's most formidable rock emporium put them a bit out of their element on a bill with Rhinoceros and Canned Heat. If they hadn't thought about it, it probably would have been ok, they admit they were very paranoid even in the face of a warm reception. The Fillmore East kids reacted predictably: they got up and walked around.

I can really understand that. We here are more the children of media than heritage and we feed on art which employs our temper and technology, we identify with it on a powerful subliminal level. The Pentangle out of context is not about to occupy a rock and roll house.

It's not hard to see why The Pentangle didn't have the momentum for a profound impact on New York, easier yet to understand Jaqui's dismay in having found herself here. It works both ways.

The special beauty of The Pentangle is precisely in their oddity. They contrast our predilection for extremes with their precise gentility, their tenacious devotion to heritage, their firm understanding of musical structures and how to combine them. It is something best met halfway and appreciated on its own terms, it can't stand up to the competition of contemporary rock, I don't believe it was even meant to. I rather think they'd be hard not to enjoy if we could all learn to sit still for an hour or two of much needed respite. ☐ ellen sander

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JERRY LEE LEWIS

Moves To Country & Western

Hands up, all those who think "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" and "Great Balls Of Fire" are rock and roll. Well, you're wrong, 'cause they ain't. And before you start sending me free offers to remove my fingers without the use of anaesthetic I shall point out that it is the opinion of none other than Jerry Lee Lewis himself.

"I've always been singing country and western," he pointed out. "I had No. 1 country chart records with 'Fools Like Me,' 'You Win Again,' 'Whole Lotta Shakin' and 'Great Balls Of Fire.' Even if they're sung as rock, they still have country flavor. Elvis Presley had a lot of No. 1's in the country and western field early on."

Jerry Lee Lewis came over to England recently to film a guest spot on the Tom Jones TV show and took time off to have a reunion with me over tea at the plush Mayfair Hotel.

We continued on the country and western theme and Jerry, puffing on a huge Cuban cigar, said: "Whole Lotta Shakin' got to No. 1 in the country chart, the r and b chart and the pop chart. There's only three songs that have ever done that — the other two were Elvis' 'Don't Be Cruel' and Carl Perkins' 'Blue Suede Shoes.'"

"Ode To Billy Joe' almost did it. I kept looking at it and thinking 'it's gonna do it and it'll be a woman that does it.'"

Jerry's right hand man Cecil (pronounced See-cill) said that Jerry is selling more records now than he has done for some time. This is due to his re-emergence as a force on the scene of country music.

"Country and western has matched pop pretty close now," Jerry confirmed. "There are still some people who come up with a million seller now and then, like David Houston, Jim Reeves and Jeannie C. Riley, but it's consistent even if it's not a million seller."

"I get an initial order of 100,000 records and you go on from there. I wasn't hurtin' for money before I started





singing country music full time, but I just wanna be number one in whatever I do. I'm gonna stick to country now but still do a certain amount of rock."

Jerry is naturally happy about his present state of affairs, but reckons that country music would have been a lot bigger much more quickly but for two things.

"Country music would have caught on a lot sooner if Jim Reeves hadn't been killed," he told me in his slow, Southern drawl. "It hurt country music a lot. It hurt a lot when Hank Williams died. He was spreading out real big when he died, he was set to go all the way.

"Three years ago, country music wasn't half as big as it is now, in the last two years it has gone pow."

Jerry Lee began to hit the big time thirteen years ago and he recalled the

first time he went on tour.

"I did my first tour with Johnny Cash in late '56. I had 'Crazy Arms' out, my first record. I was getting a hundred dollars a day, but Johnny Cash was getting a lot more.

"We were on the road for 30 days and I came back with less than 50 dollars."

Jerry Lee says that the country music fans are more loyal than any he's ever seen and is very happy about the way the American country radio station disc jockeys play his records.

"It's just like 1958 for me," he smiled. "But there are so many more records sold now. If you sell 300,000 singles, you're gonna sell 250,000 albums.

Country music now is more modern. It has to be good country music but with drums and a little rhythmic sometimes. We just found a bag and we're gonna stay there."

Nice as it was sitting chatting with Jerry Lee, it saddened me a little to think that the wild rocker of old and his pumpin' piano may have gone forever.

So I asked him a rock question to liven things up. Which of his songs, I wanted to know, does he regard as being straight rock and roll?

He thought for a few moments and replied: "Well, 'Breathless,' 'High School Confidential' and 'Mean Woman Blues' were hard rock. Very few country stations played those."

There was a chance, though, to see the Jerry Lee Lewis we know and love in action. In the Tom Jones show recently, Jerry sang his new record "To Make Love Sweeter For You" and duets with Tom on "Whole Lotta Shakin'," "Lovin' Up A Storm," "Great Balls Of Fire."

That was some show. □ richard green



new stars on the horizon



CHRISTOPHER PARKENING

Last February, Andres Segovia, master guitarist of this century, in the *New York Times* named four second-generation guitarists to whom he is proud to pass along his burden of achievement, adding their names to his older disciple Alirio Diaz named earlier. The four: Australian John Williams, Italians Oscar Ghiglia and Aldo Minelli, and American Christopher Parkening.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Duke K.

Parkening of Brentwood, California, Christopher took up the guitar at the age of eleven, motivated by his admiration of a cousin, the accomplished American musician Jack Marshall. His first teachers were the father-and-son concert guitarists from Spain, Celedonio and Pepe Romero. From the beginning, young Parkening demonstrated the phenomenal affinity for his instrument that characterizes the virtuoso-to-be, working with the guitar voluntarily and with untiring enthusiasm

for many hours each day.

After a year, Christopher gave his first recital. His program of Bach, Scarlatti, and Albeniz prompted one critic to write: "Although only twelve, Chris has a musical feeling, a command of his instrument, and a feel of self-assurance seldom attained by most adult musicians."

In 1962, the 14-year-old Christopher submitted his application for the annual Statewide Auditions of the Young Musicians Foundation. Judges included Jascha Heifetz, Gregor Piatigorsky, William Primrose, Emmanuel Bay, Lukas Foss, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Joseph Schuster, Elmer Bernstein, Johnny Green, Miklos Rozsa, and other distinguished musicians and composers. Although there was no category in which guitarists could compete, Christopher was permitted to audition out of competition. His excellence in the Bach *Chaconne* was the sensation of the auditions. It won him the interest and respect of many of the celebrated elder musicians present, and resulted in his being invited to participate as soloist in the Foundation's 1962-63 concert season.

In particular, the auditions were the beginning of a warm friendship with Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco; and it was this composer's *Concerto in D* with which Christopher made his formal concert debut, under the auspices of the Young Musicians Foundation, on March 10, 1963.

Shortly afterward, Castelnuovo-Tedesco honored Christopher with the gift of his own manuscript copies of his celebrated suite "Platero and I." Christopher subsequently performed the *Concerto in D* in a series of Symphonies for Youth concerts with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra,

and with the Pasadena Symphony Orchestra and numerous other orchestras in Southern California.

In 1964, with letters from Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Joseph Schuster and a tape of his performance of the *Concerto in D* as his credentials, Christopher applied to and was accepted as a scholarship student by Andres Segovia in a Master Class the great guitarist conducted at the University of California at Berkeley. Among the gathering of nearly 300 students of the guitar, Christopher was the youngest of nine chosen by the Maestro to perform daily before the class. He was also chosen by Segovia as one of the three to solo when the Master Class was televised nationally.

In January, 1966, Christopher gave the World Premiere of the Second *Concerto in C* for guitar and orchestra by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, as part of the California Chamber Symphony Series, with Henri Temianka conducting. Of the performance, Walter Arlen wrote in the *Los Angeles Times*: "It is music by a virtuoso, for a virtuoso, and Parkening, with an ability belying his youth, brought it off in a manner suggesting that other virtuoso, Segovia (to whom the concerto was dedicated.)"

In 1966 and 1967, he continued his studies at UCLA and USC and again studied with Segovia on full scholarship in a Master Class at the Winston-Salem, North Carolina, School of the Arts. At USC, his studies also were on full scholarship, and enabled him to work with a master of another instrument, cellist Gabor Rejto. Christopher now teaches guitar at USC as a teaching lecturer on the School of Music faculty. In July, 1968, he was chosen by High Fidelity/Musical America as one of the outstanding young artists of 1968. Two months later he signed with Columbia Artists Management for his first tour of engagements throughout the United States and Canada, for the 1968-69 season. He also accepted Angel Records' invitation to record his first of a series of albums. It is then with understandable pride that Angel Records debuts this extraordinary young musician on two simultaneously released albums: "In The Classic Style" — a challenging program of Bach, Weiss and Tansman; "In The Spanish Style" demanding guitar works from the Old and New Worlds by Mudarra, Tarrega, Sor, Albeniz, Torroba, Ponce, Villa-Lobos and Lauro. □



THE ELEPHANTS MEMORY

The Elephants Memory breaks through the limitations of sensory experience; their explosiveness is too powerful to be contained in just a sound. It bursts out in color, shape and movement. The Elephants Memory have synthesized theatre, dance, jazz, circus and rock in an enormous mirthful celebration of life. Before your eyes and ears they create a fantasy world,

a world of jungles and joy, like nothing you have ever seen or heard before.....except maybe in your wildest dreams.

The Music of the Elephants Memory comes from Stan Bronstein playing electric soprano sax, flute, clarinet, Rothophone and singing lead, the group's sole female, Michal, on vocals; Richard "Rick" Frank, drums; John Ward, bass guitar; Richard Sussman, piano and organ; Myron Yules, electric bass

trombone; and Richard William "Chester" Ayers, rhythm guitar and vocals, seven musicians, each with a different background, each with a common desire to make good music.

The Elephants Memory is a perfect example of synergism (the co-operative action of individual parts working together so that the total effect is greater than the sum of the separate effects taken independently).

The Memory represents two generations: jazz and rock; two ideologies: that of the rebel and that of the love world. Their music is hard, yet soft; happy, yet pensive; complex and simple; powerful and delicate; tribal and modern. Out of all these individual elements, a unique and honestly individual sound emerges. It is like nothing you have ever seen or heard before.....except maybe in your wildest dreams.

PEGGY SCOTT & JO JO BENSON

The mutual admiration of each other's work was the magnet that drew Peggy Scott and Jo Jo Benson together into one of today's leading vocal duets. Both Peggy and Jo Jo had their own highly successful careers, until their paths kept crossing at nightclubs in many cities.

As is the case with many entertainers they started "sitting in" with each other. At first they sang individually, and later started "jamming" on numbers together. When talent manager Ed Mendell submitted audition tapes to veteran music man Shelby Singleton they were signed immediately to his SSS International label as a duet.

Their first release "Lover's Holiday" gained giant acclaim, and special awards from trade magazines were presented them at the NATRA Convention. It was only natural that their next release "Pickin' Wild Mountain Berries" became an even greater hit.

On the strength of the success of their "Soulshake" record, the dynamic duo's first album was released and appropriately named

"Soulshake." For the Peggy Scott and Jo Jo Benson fans it's already a keepsake item since it contains "Pickin' Wild Mountain Berries," "Lover's Holiday," and "Soulshake."

For Peggy Scott and Jo Jo Benson it's been a lifelong dream fulfilled. A dream that started for both of them as young teenagers working on shows with such established name artists as Ben E. King (for Peggy), Chuck Willis, Sam Cooke and the Upsetters (for Jo Jo).

On stage Peggy and Jo Jo are a dynamic, vibrant combination of singing in motion. Their amazing showmanship and vocal renditions are complimented by a most colorful and varied stage wardrobe.

As serious as they are about their work, they are equally as fun loving about life in general. All you need to do is to look at them and you'll know that they're happy people.

Peggy Scott and Jo Jo Benson are successful, but this success has not come easy, and both of them know it. That's why this fine duo continue to work hard on stage and in the recording studio. And this is why they have the most loyal of fans.





Vega's Scruggs
Soloist Banjo



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The AMPEG Scrambler can be used with any musical instrument that can be played one note at a time. However, with proper adjustment of the "Balance" control, chords

may be played without the severe intermodulation that other distortion devices produce.

This handsomely designed unit is moderately priced and will add new "shades" of sound to a creative group of musicians.

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Vega's All-New Scruggs Soloist Banjo was designed in collaboration with Earl Scruggs especially for the "Bluegrass and Contemporary Folk Picker." Features include: exclusive Vega Audiosonic tone ring with modifications suggested by Mr. Scruggs, all-new peghead shape with ultra-filagreed pearl work, redesigned pearl position inlays in solid ebony fingerboard, walnut finish with a bright band of inlaid wood marquetry around the resonators.

All parts affecting sound are heavy bell brass of Vega's specifications. Tenply maple rim, adjustable neck rod and three-piece maple neck slimmed down for fast fingering. Retail: \$685. Optional extras include Keith Scruggs tuners, custom gold plating, engraved flanges and tailpiece, carved heel. Other Vega banjos list from \$203 up.

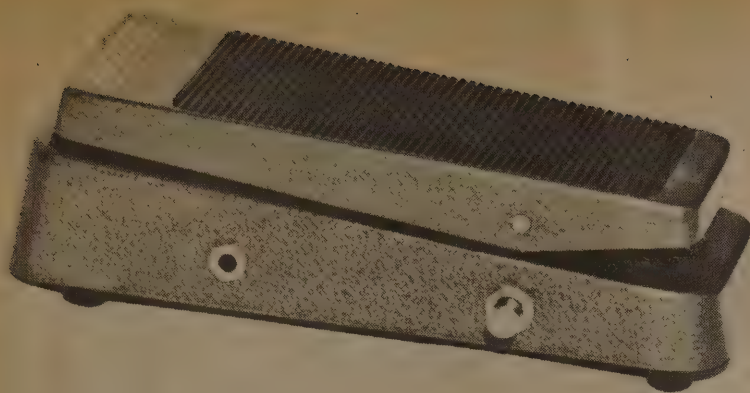


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THE NEW RAJAH ZEETAR

The New Rajah Zeetar offers amplified sitar sound with guitar fingering. This is an instrument designed to give the sitar sound without learning new fingering or music; fingering and fret bars on the Rajah Zeetar are exactly the same as the guitar. It features seven main strings, six of which are the same as the guitar strings, and the added feature of the seventh string is for special effects. There are also eleven sympathetic strings, which are not played but which do respond harmonically as the seven main strings are strummed.

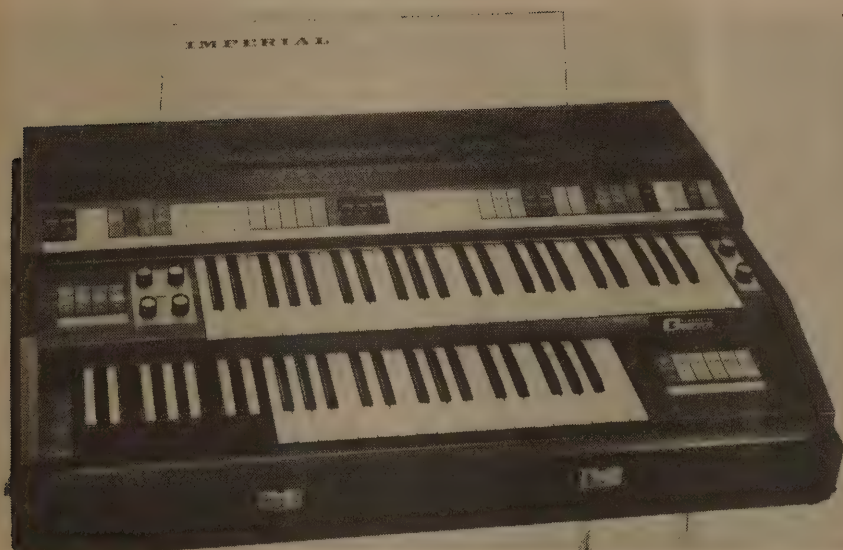
The Rajah Zeetar can be played acoustically, monaurally or in the stereo mode. It comes equipped with a complete electronic stereo section, which consists of two pick-ups, two volume controls, two tone controls, two input jacks and a mono-stereo position switch. Two ten-foot cords are furnished, along with a complete instruction sheet and guarantee. Four colors are available; jet-set black, wood-tone, tusk white and Indian mahogany. List price is \$319.50.



Halifax "Wah-Wah-Fuzz" Pedal



New Coral "Kilowatt"



Gem Imperial - Duo Portable Organ



Herwiga Recorder

NEW FROM HALIFAX

Halifax Musical Instruments, Ltd. has introduced its new "Wah-Wah" and "Wah-Wah-Fuzz" pedals with tremendous success. Cased in an attractive cast metal enclosure and provided with the latest scientific electronic designs, the new Halifax Wah-Wah-Fuzz pedal has both the Wah-Wah and the Fuzz built in one unit. Outstanding and unusual effects such as Wah-Wah sound, sharp treble, muted trumpet, growl, sitar and a new bass sound can now be obtained from the new Halifax pedals.

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A New Generation MICKEY

I was born in Houston, Texas on May 9, 1940. My mother and father are from the country and they moved into Houston during the depression. As I was growing up, country music was the only music I ever heard. We'd all go to the movies every Saturday and I dug those western movies with the cowboy songs. Roy Rogers and Gene Autry stuff. My parents were into Ernest Tubb, Roy Acuff and that style of country music.

My dad was a Jimmie Rogers fan and he did some singing. My uncles all played and one of them had a band. I grew up humming and singing just like anybody else that likes music. In school, music was a way into social activities. Just a way to be with people.

When I was about fifteen, I discovered the rhythm and blues radio stations with the groups like the Penguins and Flamingoes. Shortly before that I liked the pop ballad stuff like Dick Haymes' "The Nearness Of You." I got into Big Joe Turner and Lavern Baker and then Presley came along. But that country blues thing is at the root of the music I like. I can remember my father singing all those old Jimmie Rogers songs. Lately that old country blues has been influencing everybody. I've been using it in my own songs for the last two years.

I heard some tapes that Mike Nesmith of the Monkees recorded in Nashville and the music is just updated Jimmie Rogers. But I think everybody is getting into this bag. You see, an awful lot of people our age have their roots in the same place. Their parents grew up in the country and the depression drove them into the cities to look for work. They were country people. The writers have become mature enough to write about what they've been feeling all these years like the Beau Brummel's "Bradley's Barn" album on Warner Bros.

I'm sure most of us went through the rhythm and blues thing before Elvis hit. In Houston it happened real big. We all listened to John R. from Nashville. He came on the radio late at night with an all rhythm and blues show. The singing groups were the big thing. They'd have this real nice vocal harmony thing and one guy would play guitar.

That's how I got started. Four of us guys got together and I played guitar. We had all these songs worked out.

It was too dangerous to sing on the street corners because Houston was very tough back then. There were lots of gangs around from the transit population, but that didn't have much to do with the music.

We're right across from the Mexican border and the Mexican kids had a big influence on us young people. We wore khaki pants all the time. The manner of dress here was different than other parts of the country. Blue jeans and T shirts were big with the rodeo bunch, but in the city it was tailored khaki pants with belt loops and baggy shirts. We all wore these Cadillac shoes. They were long with points on the end and white strings on the side. There were lots of Mexicans in high school. They didn't have too much influence on the music but I learned to dig Mexican people.

I love Spanish music but I doubt that it got into my music. There were Mexican groups playing Mexican music mostly for the older people. The Mexican kids I knew were into the vocal group thing just like we were. They were into rhythm and blues.

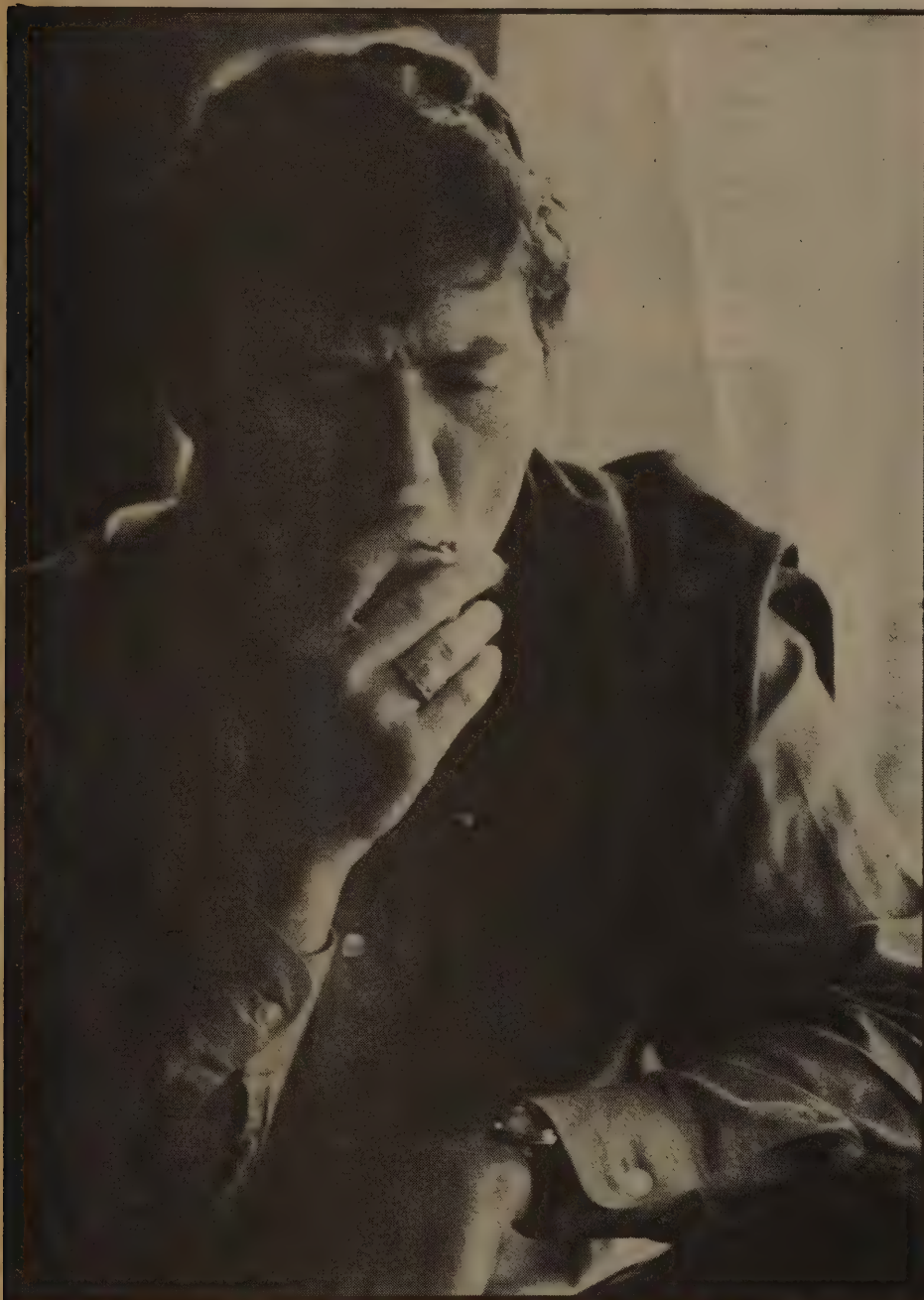
My group did songs like "Earth Angel," "Speedo," "Annie Had A Baby." That's how I got wrapped up in music. I sang tenor harmony. I didn't really start playing guitar till the group broke up.

I had to play and hear music, and the only way was to learn guitar and sing myself. I got an old Gibson guitar and learned chords. There was this old boy, Julian Barnett, that played in a group in Houston and he got me going on guitar. I played like him. He played chords like I never heard, with a lot of bass and real creative. I didn't learn country guitar. He showed me how to play in an open D chord and use a drone but mostly I learned all the conventional stuff.

I play real simple, mostly four chord stuff. I love open chords. It's not blues or country. It's just an extension of what I learned from Julian. I didn't learn things off records because I couldn't pick fast enough.

Then I got into songwriting during my last year of high school. When I graduated, I got restless and moved to Shreveport, Louisiana to stay with my cousin who is now my manager. I really didn't know what I wanted to do so I joined the Air Force for

of Country Music **NEWBURY**



four years and spent three years of duty in England. During that time I got into music deeper. I did a lot of playing and singing by myself. The root of my melodies come from harmonizing with the guitar.

I got out of the service and came back to Houston and put some songs on tape. Everybody seemed to like them so I decided I'd try something in music. I wrote a batch of new songs and took them to Nashville where I

ran into Eddy Albert, the actor, who was cutting some tunes for Wesley Rose of Acuff Rose, music publishing company.

Eddy cut "A Man Can Never Go Back Home," one of my songs, and I got a call from Rose asking me to be a staff writer. I love to sit and sing with a bunch of musicians or friends, but I hate to go out and sing for a crowd. If I can't get involved with people that are close to me then I

sing bad. So I'm not a professional. I don't do shows. I was even reluctant to make a record. I love the freedom I had as a songwriter. All I had to do was write my songs and send them in, but now I've got a recording contract with RCA Victor. I did one album already but I don't think I'm ready to record.

I make just enough money to live from my songs and that's all I want really. I had a hit country song called "Five Miles From Home" by Bob Luman and a pop hit called "Just Dropped In" by the First Edition. I might make two or three thousand dollars a shot, but I'm single so it's easy to live. I can stretch twenty dollars for months. Also I've got lots of friends to sponge off of. There's lots of all night laundermats and I've got the back seat of my car. I go to Louisiana a lot too, and work on the shrimp boats for a while. There's a little joint down there where the shrimpers go and I sing there sometimes and they all pass the hat and give me money. It's never been hard for me.

I guess I'm one of a new breed of country western singers. There's a lot of them around. We're all around the same age and we have the same background. Our families came from the country and moved to the city and we went through rhythm and blues. Plus, along the way country music has developed more respectability. Rock and roll isn't anything but country music. Elvis had the blues influence. This music was always there. It's just that there wasn't a hit until Elvis came along.

This country thing isn't really new at all. I just don't have the vocabulary to write like Bob Dylan. I'd probably be like him if I had that frame of mind. I personally dig Dylan the best of anybody.

I also love the Beatles and Simon and Garfunkel, but they're all extensions of something else. My stuff is the best I can do in that direction.

A lot has changed for writers. A writer has a lot more freedom now because of Dylan. He opened the way in country music as well, because country writers always wrote about the every day hangups between two people. Now you can write about things you feel inside, from your imagination. A lot of my songs are from dreams.

The old school of country performers don't like this modern stuff. They don't

call it country. To them it's real new. Waylon Jennings is into it. He must be in his mid-thirties and he wishes he could get into it even deeper but, he's afraid he'll destroy his audience.

Most of us young guys stick together when we're in Nashville but we respect those old cats. When I first met Don Gibson, I couldn't even talk. And there's other writers like Hank Cochran and Willie Nelson. Hank has standards under his belt like "Make The World Go Away," but he digs the new writers. He surrounds himself with the new guys. Hank is open to everything. Willie opened up eight years ago and wrote good songs. Willie gets along fine with the new guys too.

I was born in the south, so Nashville seemed the obvious place to go. If I was born in the east or the west I'd have gone to New York or Los Angeles. If I was going to starve I could make it home easier. For country soul you can't find a better place than Nashville. There're some Nashville cats that would scare the life out of jazz cats. There're not just country guys in Nashville. They can play anything. Just listen to Jerry Reed or Thumbs Carlisle, man. They'd make Johnny Smith's jaw flap. Besides the music, Nashville is real relaxed. There's no hussling.

I've got a place in the foothills of Tennessee about fifty miles outside of

Nashville, but it gets too cold there in winter. So I live back and forth between Houston and Nashville.

I do most of my writing in the car while I'm traveling. The car is a good place to write because there aren't any distractions. Your other mind seems to be free.

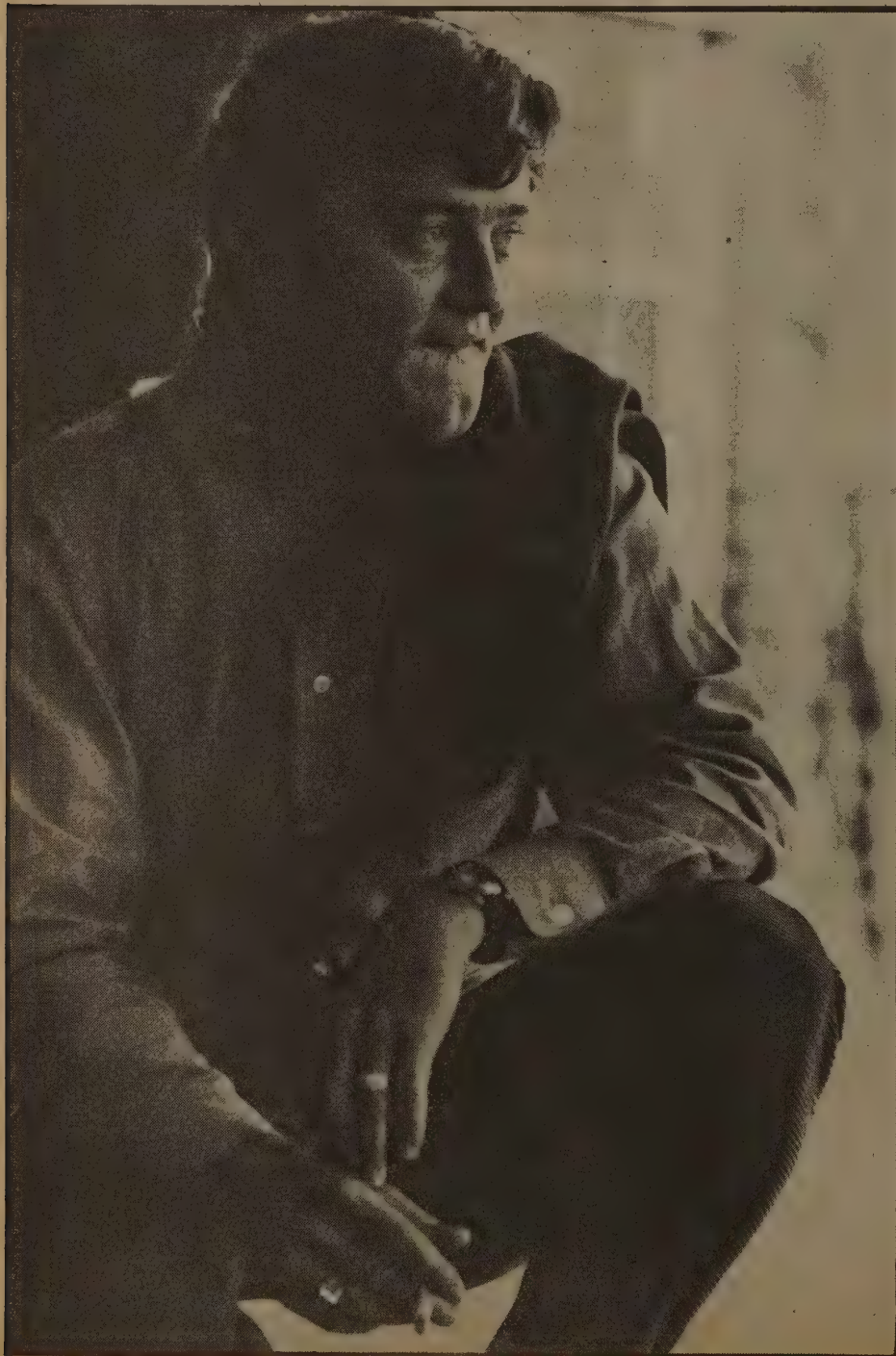
It'll take a long time for the old style country music to fade away. It might never. A lot of young listeners don't like this new breed country people. Our music is for people that want to think about the lyrics. A lot of people want simple lyrics that they can relate to immediately. There'll always be a cat that gets off to work at 5:00 and goes to the local bar for a beer. He turns on the jukebox and eye-balls a chick at the end of the bar. He wants his music to relate to what he's doing at that particular time. He's in a bar. There's always going to be those kind of songs. Most country hits are written with that cat in mind. That's where it's at. In the bar.

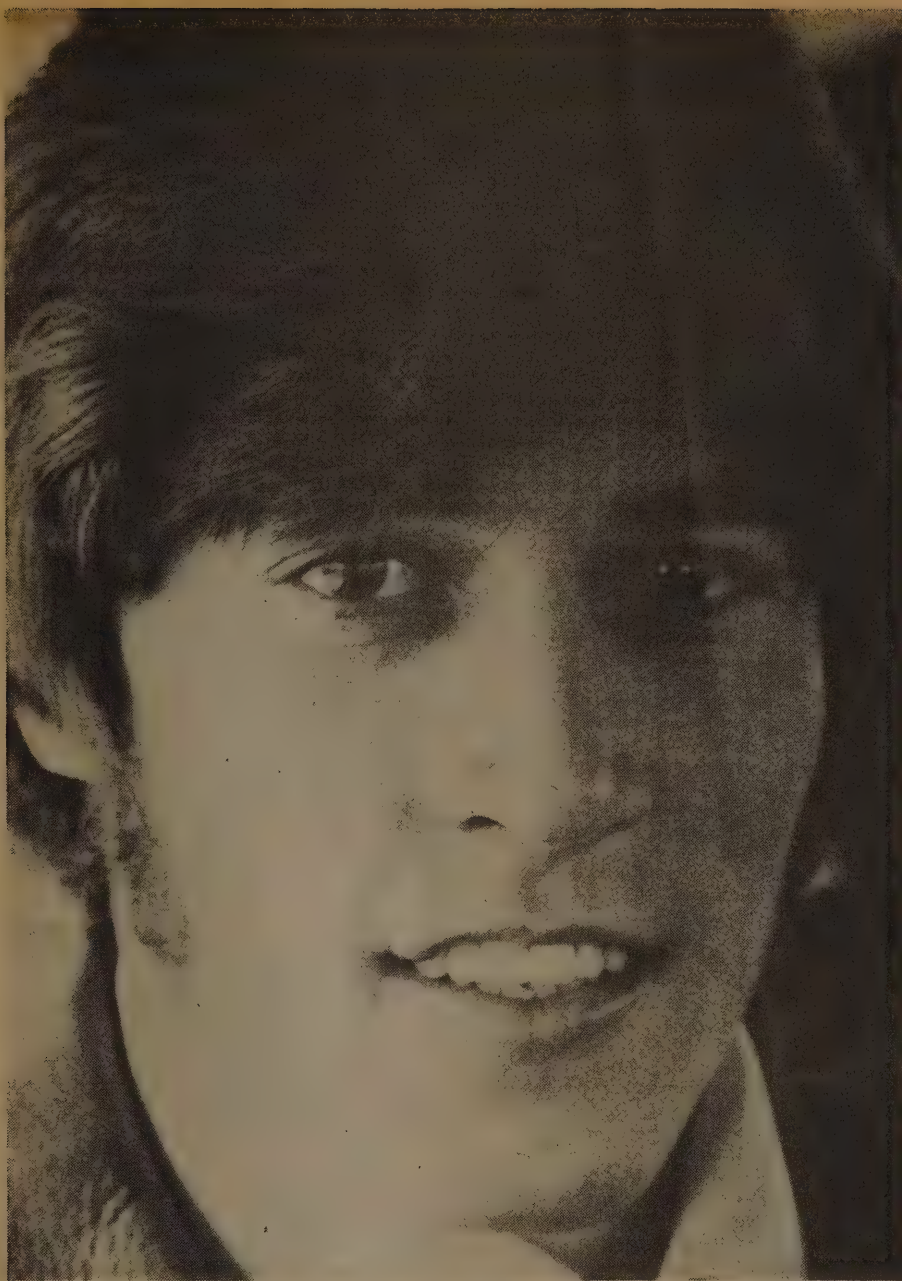
A lot of new country cats are being influenced by all kinds of music, just like the rock and roll guys. I'm not influenced by too much stuff but the first time I heard Bob Dylan man, I couldn't even write. He was saying what I wanted to hear. The new guys are bringing country music back to the folk beginning. Maybe Dylan's folk music had an influence on me.

There was a time in country music, if you wrote a minor chord in a song, the producer would take it out. He'd say it's not country. A lot of country people are very one-sided. They want to stick to their cowboy suits and formula writing. Watch out for a guy named Townes Van Zandt. He's really into this folk-country thing. He comes from Houston too and he loves bluegrass music and the old country blues singer Jimmie Rogers.

I think this kind of music is going to come back real big. Those long drawn harmony note things that the bluegrass singers use. Bluegrass is beautiful. Listen to the Everly Bros. and the Beatles harmony. The Beatles sing in two part fifths and I hear they got that from the Everlys.

I've noticed a lot of old church music getting into the songs, too. Like "The Weight" and "When A Man Loves A Woman." That influence is real big in country music too. Like "Green Green Grass Of Home" is really "Nearer My God To Thee". Most country people are from the bible belt and they went to Pentecost or Baptist Church meetings. They do a lot of singing in those churches. It seems like this is a period for everyone to re-examine the roots. It's happening to all forms of music. □ Mickey Newbury as told to Jim Delehant





BARRY GIBB

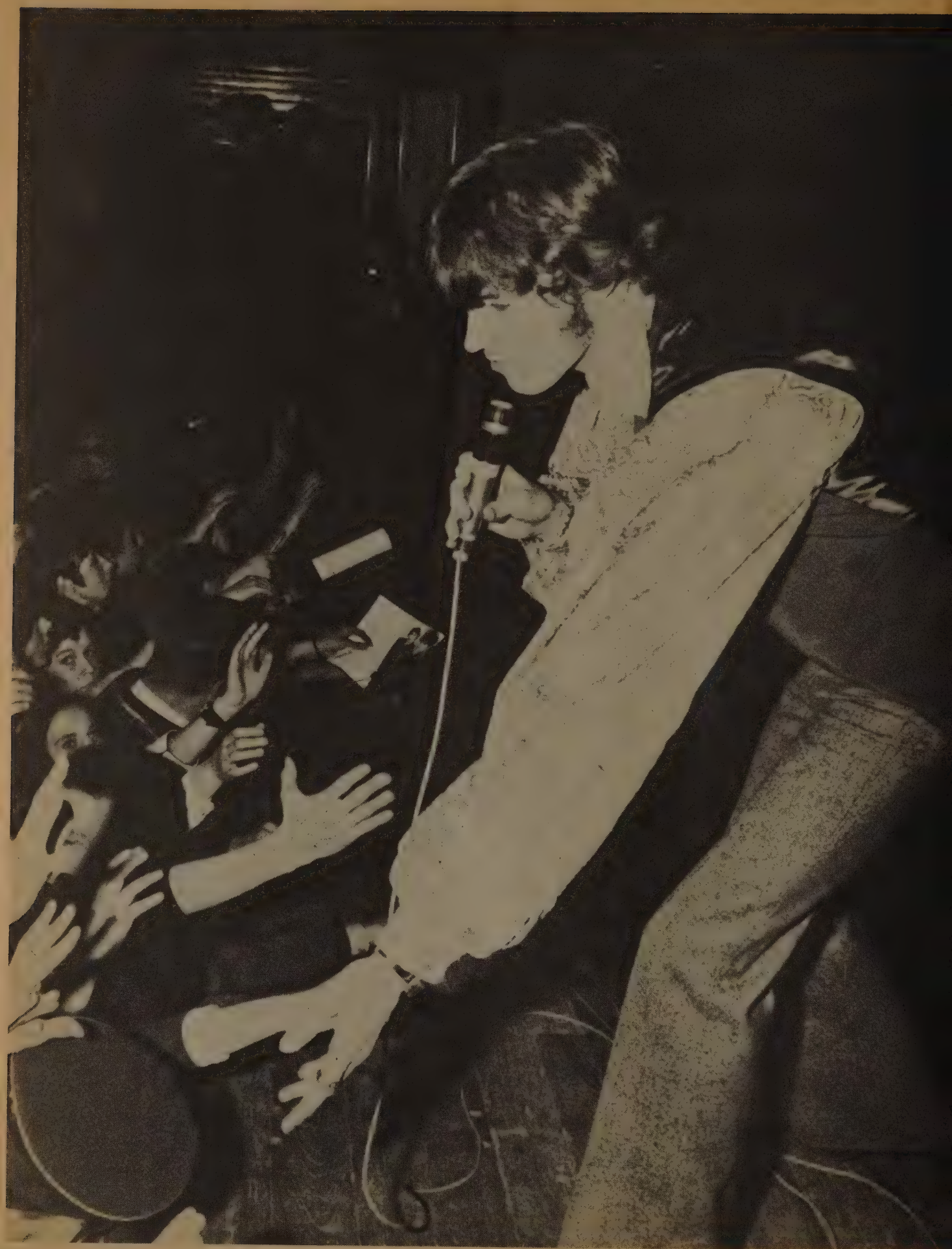
Writing Songs Forever

Amid recent reports, rumors and innuendoes of high living, grandiosity, pomposity and general big-timey-ness, I found, nestled — to be sure, in the Waldorf-Astoria — a young man still nearly a boy who projects more the

image of an unassuming, almost countrified lad, than of a Crown Prince of Pop — that's Barry Gibb, senior member of the BeeGees and, perhaps, the most dynamic, vigorous and vivid of the brothers; though that is my op-

inion, not Barry's: he is eager to give credit to his brothers Maurice and Robin. . . . Robin composed the epic, moody seven-minute "Odessa," about the sinking of the British ship *Veronica*, told from the point of view of a man stranded in the Baltic Sea on an iceberg. . . . but Barry is sure that Robin would agree with that "Odessa" is no particular big thing, just a song, "about anything. . . ." and in the last three years, he and his brothers have set about proving it. . . . Rather than seeing himself as a recording star, a stage performer or a pop personality, Barry sees himself — quite rightly — as a professional song-writer; he loves his business and says, "Whether people like it or not, I'm going to keep on writing songs forever!" To Barry and Maurice, the epitome of pop song writing is not Lennon-McCartney or Bob Dylan (they get terribly tired of being linked constantly with the music of the Beatles) — but two older composers more in the mainstream of "conventional" pop, the team of Burt Bacharach and Hal David. Barry sees Bacharach's melodies as "incredible" and incomparably great works of art. . . . His favorite Bacharach song is "What the World Needs Now Is Love". . . . he believes it is one of those rare songs that "says it all," says everything we need to know about love: Barry's concept of love is very romantic and idealized; he talks about the sacredness of love with a refreshing kind of innocence not often heard in the pop world of today, and he feels bad about the fact that many talented performers currently seem to be finding it necessary to exploit sex and destructiveness in performances; Barry and his brothers believe that talent will out, and that there are kinds of appeal far more effective than raw sex. . . . his own intense but well-controlled performances are evidential of this; guitar smashing is one technique not in the BeeGee musical vocabulary. . . . they don't need it. . . .

When I asked him to describe for me the methods by which the BeeGees write their songs, he seemed at a loss at first, then he said, "I couldn't explain it. . . . they come from nowhere. . . . we just sit around together . . . and. . . it's like a ritual. . . ." A ritual. Very mysterious. The Gibb brothers are always having strange coincidences happening to them, according to Barry. One begins a thought and the other completes it, with no outward sign of communication; or, two of the brothers will find themselves in the same place without having planned to meet there at all. . . . and this isn't just occasional: "It happens a dozen times a day," Barry says. He agreed with me about the mystic, electrical





bond that seems to unite these three brothers of more than flesh; and he has written some very deep songs about things about reincarnation, ("World"), and mind-altering experience ("Holiday") and some very warm, childlike songs, like "Jumbo;" Barry explained to me that "Jumbo" is the story of a little boy who is saying goodnight to his father; and the father is gently going along with the boy's fantasy of having a live pet elephant outdoors; "... Jumbo says to say goodnight/see you in the morning..." "All the children have fantasies like that at one time or another," Barry told me; the BeeGees like to create prototypes ... "Day Time Girl" for instance was about a certain kind of high-flying, wing-spreading eagle girl, who glides past without ever seeing the lonely shy boy who has a crush on her; Barry said, "I've seen a lot of girls like that; we wrote the song for all those Day Time Girls... she was my Day Time Girl..." That strange, charming little song "Craze Fenton Kirk, Royal Academy of Arts," was about "a failure, a dropout, a person who couldn't make it in the straight world," he said.

"Every Christian Lion-hearted Man" represent people like the Bee Gees themselves taking a shot at conventional religious ideas. ... "Every church say only *they* have the answer, and they can't all be right," Barry said. "Whisper, Whisper" is another song about drugs. "I don't take them myself," he said, "but I *do* have certain opinions about drugs and I feel I have the right to make my statements." And if you listen to "Whisper, Whisper," you can understand what he means; without moralizing, it presents the grubby, clandestine world of illegal drug trade very clearly. "We want people to listen to the words to our songs," Barry said. "They are *not* meaningless, even though some people find them like a brick wall, and for some, they are too deep to understand; we would like each person who listens to the songs to invent his own meaning ... " "What inspired you to write the song, 'Edison,'" I asked him. "Well," said Barry, "we just thought we would like to write a song about a genius, and we decided he had contributed the most. ... Very democratic. Geniuses were discussed. And when geniuses are discussed 50 years from now, I have no doubt that the name 'Gibb' will come up. ... When I finished the interview, I said 'thanks a lot Barry,' and Barry replied warmly -- 'It was my pleasure, luv. ...' Now everyone knows I am a fairly blase woman, but Barry, the pleasure was all mine. ... whatever that kind of appeal is, that isn't sex, the senior Gibb brother is well-endowed with it. □ Brigitta

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A Vision Of The **BEACH BOYS**

Many pop followers will tell you weird and wonderful stories about the Beach Boys. They, with Bob Dylan, the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, form the nucleus of the really creative work being done in pop music today. Their leader, Brian Wilson, is amiably known as pop's mad genius. More importantly, though, the Beach Boys are a legend in their own time simply because they are...*goofs*. They believe in — and their songs reflect this belief — such goofy things as brotherly love, the rising of the sun, sand & foam & surfing (but Wilson has never surfed in his life), and the never-never land of California and its girls. Such things are strictly taboo for today's young people, who believe in Important Causes. Nevertheless, they are amazed

by, even fascinated with, the devotion and reverence the Beach Boys have towards these symbols of Nouveau California. They are real weirdoes.

Anyway, here's *my* Beach Boys tale:

I went to my first Beach Boys show last August. I had but two dollars, so I did the standard thing one does when one is broke and wants to get a good view: buy the cheapest ticket and sneak down to the front aisles. If you don't mind standing, it is easily the most enjoyable way in which to see a pop concert. Of course, I *loved* the show; I am a rabid Beach Boys fan. When their performance ended, I sped past the security guards and followed Them down the secret passage ways the Management had set up in order to effect their Escape. Suddenly

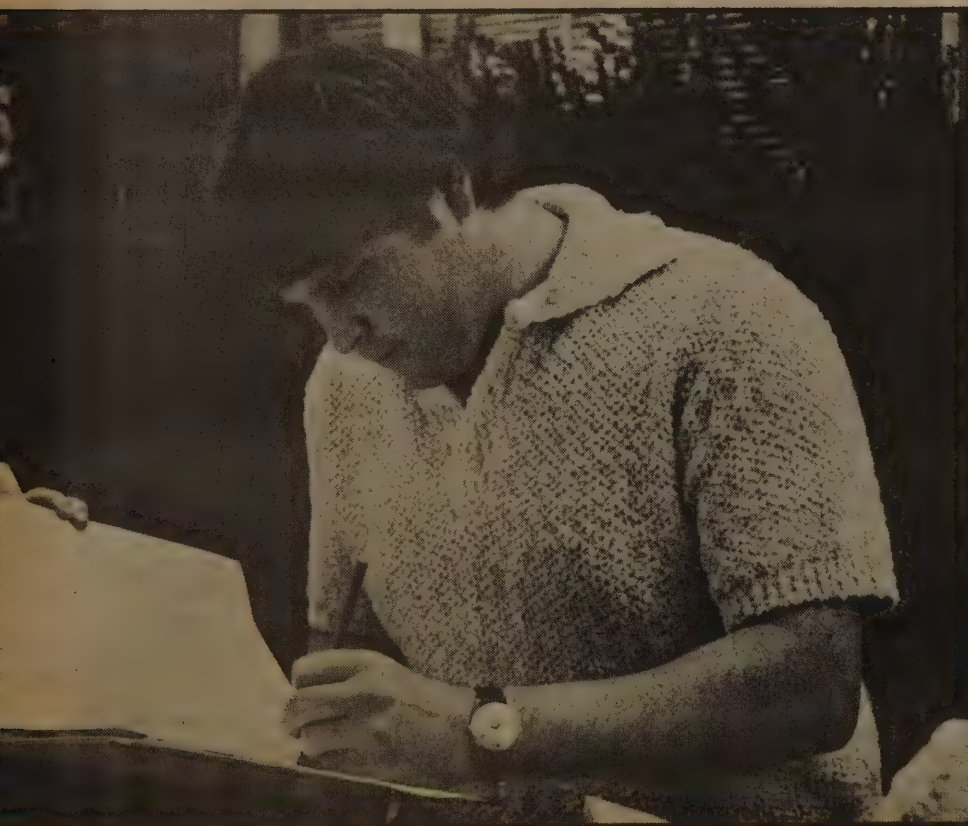
we were outside and the whole entourage was ushered into a waiting bus. I just followed, as unassuming as possible, my official-looking tape recorder by my side (Press), and I found a seat, started testing for sound levels, all matter-of-fact, as if I *belonged* there.

As I was turning my knobs and testing the microphone — 1-2-3-Testing — I noticed a familiar face: that of the conductor of this chartered bus, who happened to have gone to school with me. He seemed glad to see me.

"I didn't know you were with the Beach Boys," he said.

"Neither did I. By the way, where are we going?"

He told me not to worry, we were



going to the Bonaventure Hotel, and that he would take care of everything.

The Beach Boys paraded in all splendorously bright in their whiter-than-white, double-breasted bell-bottomed suits and their mobster blue shirts and their wide florescent multi-coloured ties. One of them said "Hey, it's a magical mystery tour!" and all the hangers-on in the caravan laughed (there were plenty of them), and the Boys went to the back of the bus where, as if they pressed a secret button or something, they plopped down onto their seats and started panting and sweating and unknotting their ties. It was at this moment that I thought what a really hectic life a pop star must go through on the way to making his millions.

Mr. Jack Lloyd, their touring manager, interrupted my train-of-thought when he bellowed from the front, "ALL UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS and people who aren't supposed to be here PLEASE GET OUT."

A small trickle of people slowly gathered themselves and left, and I stuck fast to my seat. Mr. Lloyd walked slowly through the aisle, glanced at me, *scrutinized* my tape recorder, and continued to the back where he said, "Everything all right Boys?"

"Yeah." "Sure!" "Fine." they said. Then he turned round, and, all desperate-eyed, he said, "Where's the guy with the machine? What's he doing here?" People started to turn their heads and all of a sudden I realized it was ME he was ranting about. He came over. I tried to give him a professional what-the-hell look. I don't think he believed me, but he seemed to give me the benefit of the doubt. "What are you going to *do* with that *thing*?"

"I'm doing a documentary on the Life of a Pop Star. Just thought I'd get an interview with one of the Boys."

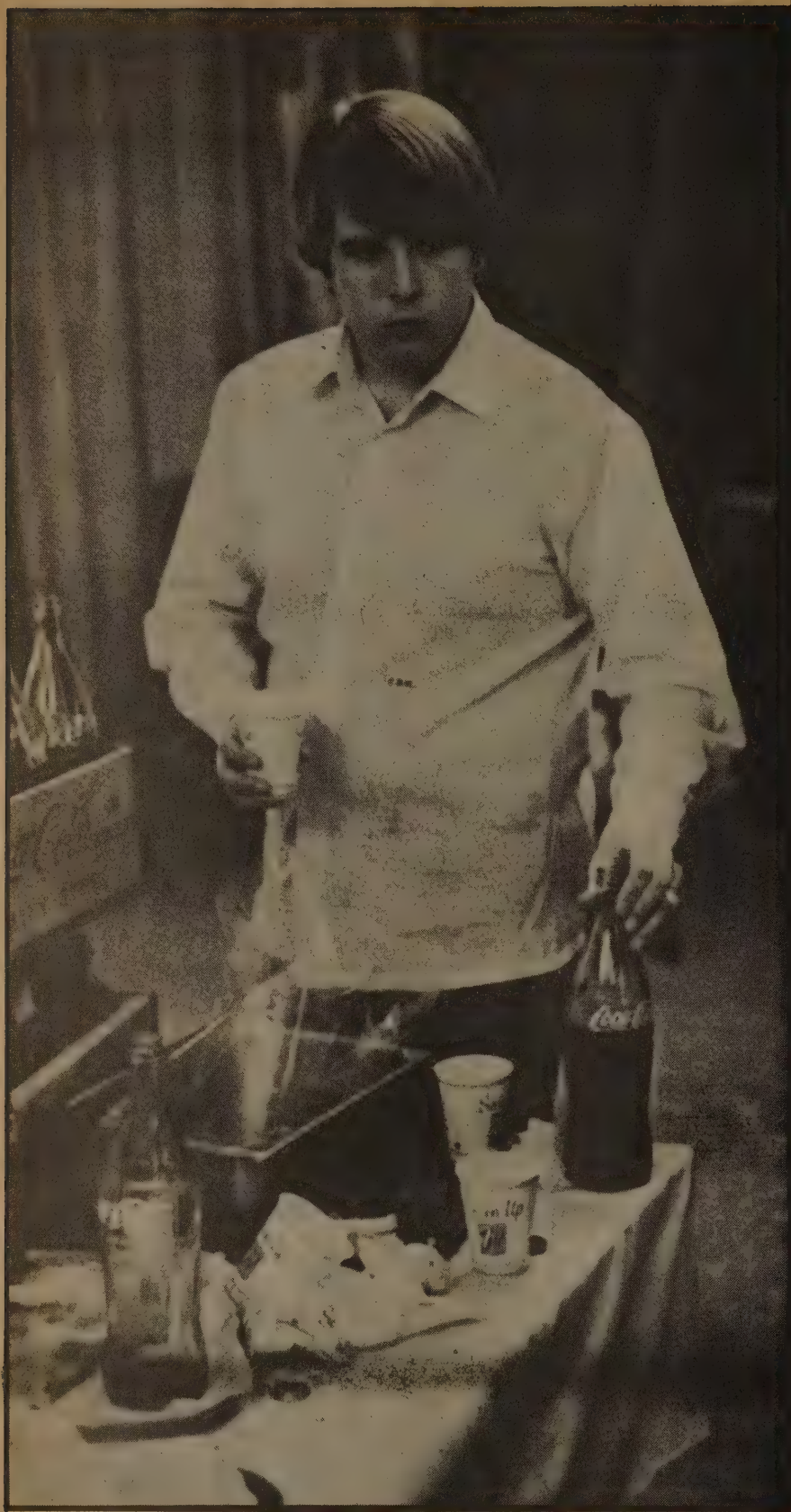
"Which one?"

"Carl."

"Okay, meet me in the lobby of the hotel and I'll set it up for you."

Fifteen minutes later I was amazing myself by chatting with Carl Wilson himself, lead guitarist of the Beach Boys. It was all so easy, all I had to do was act naturally, and there I was, a fan-cum-reporter, with the great Carl Wilson, idol of mine for years.

Carl Wilson is exactly like his records, just nice and quiet and remarkably sensitive and unfettered. When I asked him a complicated question like what was happening to America, he calmly gave me an answer that knocked me out: "I don't know. It kind of gets confusing. There are a lot of things happening with America. It appears that America is in a lot of trouble, you know, but, yet things



get better all the time. I guess there's a balance. I mean, relatively speaking I guess America's really in some ways in terrible, terrible condition. But I would say on an absolute level, I mean really absolute, everything is just groovy. Because the world is always gonna go through changes."

There are six Beach Boys: the Wilson Brothers, Brian, Carl and Dennis, their cousin Mike Love, a close friend, Al Jardine, and a replacement, Bruce Johnston, who joined the group in 1965 when Brian decided he'd had enough of touring and needed more time to write and produce their re-

cords. The Beach Boys have a longer history of hit-making than most of the other big-name groups of today; their first smasher was "Surfin' U.S.A.", which went over big in 1963, more than a year before anyone had ever heard of the Beatles. This longevity of togetherness shows up in their records. They are so obviously good, *great*, that it's sometimes hard to believe.

Indeed, the Beach Boys are still a bitter pill to swallow for many fans who would prefer to think that the pantheon of the pop intelligensia is the exclusive realm of the psychedelic big blues beat poetry spewing feedback crashing heavies who emerged when the fans wanted something more sophisticated, more *adult*, than the Liverpool Sound. For many, the Beach Boys cannot be forgiven for having worn these candy-cane striped jak-shirts — emblematic of surfing — as stage outfits for so long. And their themes seem so positively out-of-it; there are even allusions to God in many songs, and the Beach Boys seem to work from a strong moral code. A lot of kids don't like that.

But there is no denying them. They are not as outwardly spectacular as the Beatles, and they do not have a rugged image like the Rolling Stones, and they are not as prophetic as Dylan, and yet, they are often cleverer than the Beatles, more desirable than the Stones, and the insignificance of their songs is sometimes more significant than Dylan's. Their last five records should be owned by anyone who takes his pop seriously. At the beginning of 1966 the Beach Boys broke with the strictly-surfing tradition when they released a sleeper that took everyone by surprise, "Pet Sounds." It sounded heavenly, it was magic, it "came from another place" as Carl Wilson says, and it was, musically speaking, incredibly sophisticated and tasteful. In November of that year "Good Vibrations" came out, it quickly became referred to as THE pop classic, and the release of a new album to be called "Smile" was announced. It never did arrive as advertised; apparently Brian Wilson, the genius producer, wasn't satisfied. The record finally came out as "Smiley Smile" almost a year later; naturally, it was accorded legendary status, and people started thinking "If this is so good, then imagine what the stuff they *left out* is like." Two more less spectacular but solid progressions, "Wild Honey" and "Friends," were subsequently released. Their new album, "20/20" (Capitol, SKAO 133), is another stunning example of the sheer talent and creativity that the Beach Boys display in every record they make.

The Beach Boys write and sing and play from their own experience; their

themes are personal ones, whether they be love, surfing, or peace. But they are also musicians and entertainers and this is a fact that they have never bypassed. They sing about themselves, but they do it with such wit and expertise that their songs never grow boring or tedious. Listening to the Beach Boys is sheer joy. They are not saying anything significant, but the satisfaction and pleasure one receives when listening to them is important in itself. They express a peace-with-the-world attitude better than anyone in pop today:

I took a walk and sat down in a park
The gardener walked out and the sprinklers went on
They watered the lawn
And I went to sleep...
Ten-thirty I turned my radio on
Some group was playing a musical song
It didn't take long
And I went to sleep...

"20/20" features a wide variety of songs, from an affectionate re-working of Leadbelly's old "Cotton Fields" to a brief minute of unaccompanied barbershop harmonizing called "Our Prayer." The ribald, rocking "All I Want To Do" ("You ain't got time for diamonds, and you pay no mind to gold/You gave up everything you had, but there's on thing I want you to hold...") is contrasted with the soft, delicate love song, "Time To Get Alone." The level of musicianship is the really outstanding quality of this album. When I say musicianship I also include production, because the Beach Boys, more than any other group, consider the studio as an environment in itself, one that the musician should take full advantage of. Thus, they double-, triple-, and quadruple-track their voices; they fill their songs with subtle electronic bits and pieces. A lovely tune like "The Nearest Far-away Place" is brilliantly produced, but the production job never gets in the way of the feeling it imparts; it *contributes* to the all-over effect of the number. Another song, "Cabin-essence", is marked by incredibly complex structuring and harmonies and almost unintelligible lyrics — but it still manages to leave the listener in a trance.

Enough talk. "20/20" was simply meant to be enjoyed. The words to the album's first song, "Do It Again," make this clear:

Well I've been thinking 'bout all the places
We've surfed and danced and all the faces
We've missed... So let's get back together
And do it again... □ Juan Rodriguez

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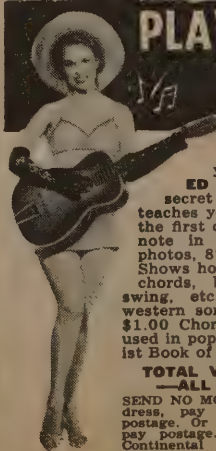
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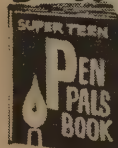
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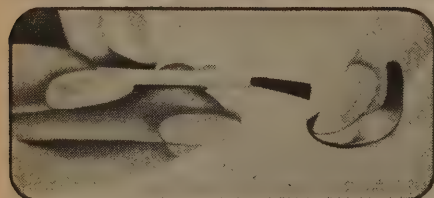
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by Tim Bogert/ Vanilla Fudge, bass

I have maybe five hundred albums in my collection plus taped music so it's hard to pick particular records. I'm a stereo nut and I listen till my ears fall off.

"Sgt. Pepper," flipped me out. That's one of the all time great albums ever made.

The live side on Cream's "Wheels Of

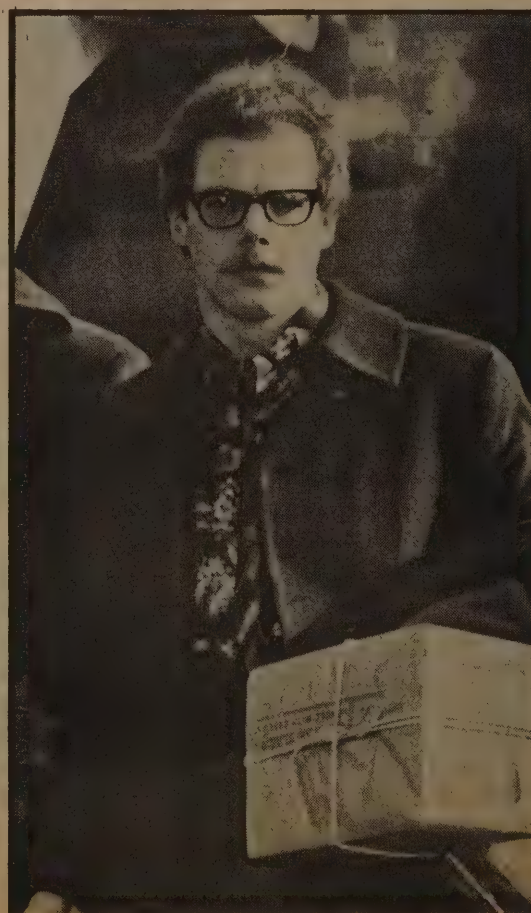
Fire" gassed me. "Crossroads" and "Spoonful" are masterpieces. No one up till then did any tasteful, funky, good free form blues and really get it on. You get a blues group in a studio and they die for some reason. The excitement of a blues band in person, the rapport, sitting there spellbound in person-something is missing on a record. Cream is the first blues band to capture that on record. Since then, Led Zeppelin captured it too. I'm flipped on them.

Now, Zeppelin's album is all in the studio plus they've got about eight instruments kicking on the tracks. It's a complete concept album in blues. It just keeps flowing right to the end of the last track.

I love "Night On Bald Mountain," and a recent Eugene Ormandy thing called "2,083." It's a Swedish composition and it's so good. I also worship the ground Leonard Bernstein walks on.

I still listen to old Ike and Tina Turner stuff, like from '59 and '60. Ike was seven years ahead of his time, the way he blew guitar. He did things then, that guitarists are starting to do now. If you find a single called "Prancin'", you can dig Ike's guitar. I think it's on Cameo.

Then there's King Curtis' "Soul Meeting" album, and he put out a twist album which was really a blues funk thing on the Tru-sound label. Curtis' band is beautiful.



the scene



THE SCENE/CKLC Radio - Ontario

CCKLC is a 10,000 watt station at 1380 kcs. located in the heart of the Thousand Islands, midway between Toronto and Montreal; we cover a large portion of southeastern Ontario and northern New York State. Our sound is contemporary. Morning man is Steve Madely, mid-morning and mid-afternoon deejay is Ted Hockaday, and I do the four till eight slot, plus a late night progressive rock program. I'm the music director, and, of course, select most of our programming material. The late night program I mentioned is called "Undercurrent," and is basically progressive rock and underground stuff, with a smattering of current best sellers from the mainstream, but not bubble-gum music, naturally. We play blues, soul, folk, country, jazz, but it's all rock and roll. It's sponsored by a local record bar.

From the "Undercurrent" library I select a great number of album cuts for additional programming as well, which I mix in with the Boss 40, oldies, contenders and the like. It's a "much more music" idea, although, as I said, we mix it up enough so that it's more interesting than a juke box. We run lots of contests and promotions, are big on public service, and push our personalities. We recently worked in co-operation with our local Jaycees to promote a Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic.

Quality Records of Canada also recently presented us with the Canadian Talent Award for being among the biggest promoters of domestic talent in the country. Canadian talent, although

you may not be aware, is ready for a big breakthrough, and we are just doing our part; we don't play or promote Canadian records just because they're Canadian — they are auditioned and make it or don't on their own merits, just like British or American artists. We also have run for the last couple of years, a series of "CKLC Weekend Windings," which are teens and twenties concert dances featuring top Canadian acts.

Regarding progressive rock shows destroying top forty radio — it'll never happen. Underground music by its own term is a minority thing, and if it became otherwise, and top forty became the minority group's music, then it would just be a matter of time before the roles were reversed again, because the progressive stuff would become watered down and adulterated, and the top forty type material would become better and more experimental and progressive just to survive, because record companies (like Buddah say) wouldn't keep turning out simple stuff if it didn't sell accordingly.

The thing is, it's all getting together anyway, just like, country-rock, folk-rock, etc. Sometimes you can't tell what's what, or what label to put on something if you feel you must classify it. A lot of so-called progressive rock is just pretentious anyway, not as good musically as some of the more commercial music that the progressive people are knocking.

And anyway, if progressive rock shows did take over as a commercial thing for the masses, it would eventually be fitted into a top forty-type format anyway, only without the top forty singles. Obviously a contemporary format can be, and is done, without that particular type of music. I'm sure you're aware, of the many country stations and MOR operations that use a similar type of crisp, contemporary format, personalities, contests, etc., but tailor it to their particular music. Top forty format is merely a term.

Also, keep in mind that people want to hear their favorite tunes more than once or twice a month, which is of course the reason for top forty radio; so if a large number of stations in any given metro market were playing underground or progressive rock, competition would eventually force them to start being much more selective in their programming, and probably less experimental, and again, it would evolve into a top forty type format.

CKLC AM & FM has recently been purchased, incidentally, by Standard Broadcasting Corporation, which owns CJAD Montreal, the top station in that market, plus their FM operation, as well as CFRB Toronto, which is Canada's most listened to radio station, plus their FM station too. □ Gary Parr — Ass't Program Director

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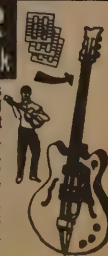
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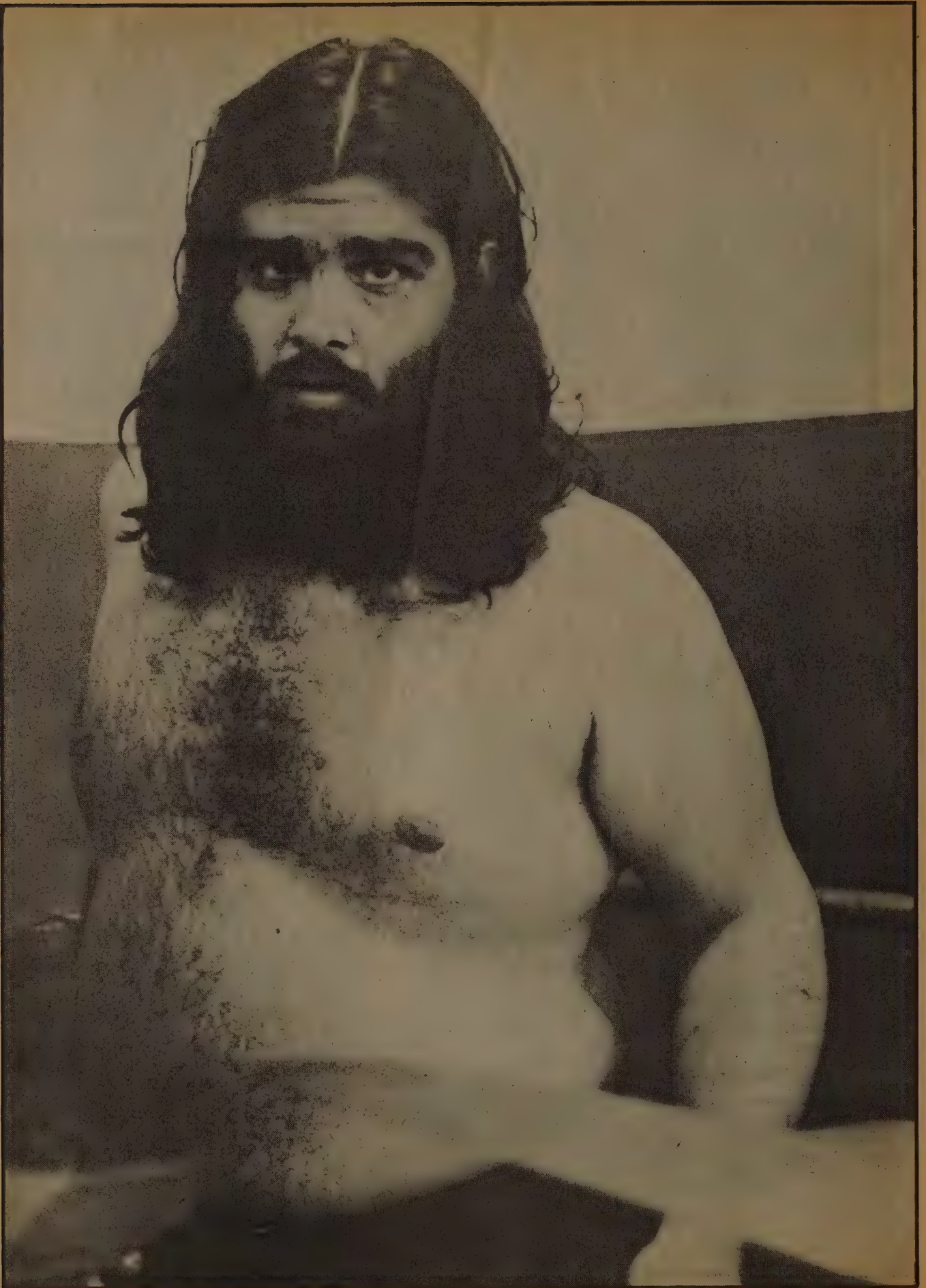
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THREE DOG NIGHT, BEATLES "Get Back," and INCREDIBLE
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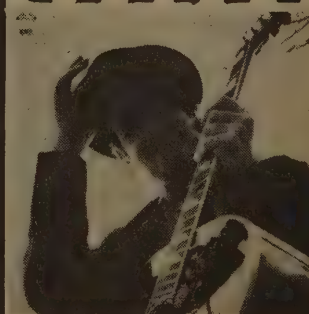
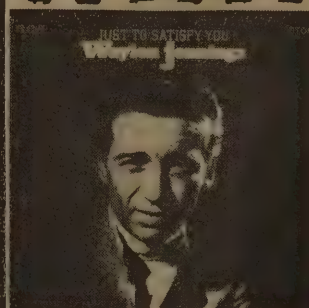
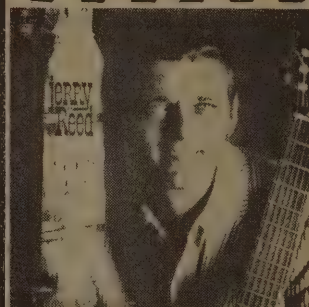
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platter chatter

When you think about it, a lot of the current rock bands getting into country music are pretty square. Some of the music is pleasant but if you want the real thing it's available by the carload from Porter Wagoner and Buck Owens and Ernest Tubb and George Jones. A new school of precocious, young, southern writers, musicians and singers are emerging out of the country field and might cause an explosion like never before. They are in the same age group as McGuinn and Dylan but they are Southern and migrated to Nashville and grew up with white gospel music and John Richburg's rhythm and blues radio show, and Elvis and Bluegrass, and they're knocked out by Dylan and the Beatles as much as Don Gibson and Bill Monroe and Hank Williams.

One label in particular is doing some beautiful stuff. Monument (which has an R&B subsidiary called Sound Stage 7) is getting to be like the Stax of Nashville. Monument has "country" artists like Ed Bruce, Ray Pennington, Ray Corbin, Chris Gentry, Ray Stevens, Henson Cargill and Charlie McCoy. Their lyrics are far removed from the commercial, formula jukebox songs of country western and their music is exquisite. CHRIS GENTRY/INTROSPECTION — (Monument SLP 18100) sings and writes about his rambling around the south and all kinds of people and places he's seen. MICKEY NEWBURY/HARLEQUIN MELODIES (RCA Victor LSP 4043) is, according to the liner notes....."Particularly American in the same fine tradition as our native literary giants Faulkner, Twain, Wolfe, Hemingway." That's not as pretentious as it sounds. In fact, it's possible to learn a great deal about America through our current popular music. Newbury's music is as natural as water and his words are crystal clear stories of feeling: those personal thoughts that munch at our minds in private moments. We might not know how to put these thoughts into words, but Newbury can. Just dig his performance of "Sweet Memories." BETTER THINGS IN LIFE (RCA Victor LSP 4147) is by Jerry Reed, a Nashville Cat who's paid a lot of dues. His acoustic guitar playing will knock your head off and his music is southern funky. JUST TO SATISFY YOU (RCA Victor LSP 4137) is by Waylon Jennings who used to be a close friend of Buddy Holly. An awful lot of Nashville musicians mention Jennings as being the first of the new breed country people. A lot of the material here is below Jennings' talent, but his vocals manage to put the songs on a higher level. Jennings is the finest singer I've heard in a long time. Then there's Bob Dylan's precious new album. I'd say that family he's been building somewhere in a cozy nest in upstate New York had a lot to do with NASHVILLE SKYLINE (Columbia KCS 9825). This is an album of the most beautiful love songs I've ever heard. This album should have been called "Bringing It All Back Home" because Dylan sounds more comfortable and relaxed than ever before. Even Johnny Cash dueting on "Girl From The North Country" lays out one of his most touching vocals. Dylan is really alive on this album, so warm and happy and positive it's going to grow into every life that hears it. It suddenly strikes me that Dylan is one of the first, great new Americans and I pray that his inspirational figure continues to grow. "Nashville Skyline" will make you feel real good in a way that you might have forgotten. □



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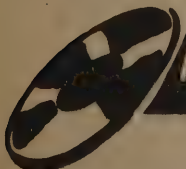
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Communication

by Dom Petro

As I have said in so many ways, the Sights, Sounds, Smells, Tastes, and Textures in our lives affect us individually for better or worse. And today there are so many of these sensations bombarding us daily that for the sake of sheer sanity, we had better learn some discrimination in handling the flood pouring into our subconscious minds. The only stable point of reference we have is our own basic SELF. When we cultivate this individual he will do the selecting and rejecting. You can see this makes sense when you stop to think of referring outside for some standard to measure this or that until you are so loaded with cross-references of approval and disapproval, you'll take up knitting or crossword puzzles to get away from it all.

Most of us do not trust our own tastes and as a consequence we may consciously adopt standards that are foreign to our real tastes. And then there's the above mentioned flood, begging, asking, screaming to have us avoid, join, give, take, listen, not listen, eat, abstain drink, abstain, go, come, in form of letters, friends, TV signs, newspapers, magazines, etc. A reasonably intelligent man revived from the year 1000 A.D. would tear his hair out and run for the hills. But you are conditioned to it. And that is the word, "Conditioned." What goes through your mind when you hear certain words?

Words are important only when their full scope and meaning are before us for selection and rejection. Through excessive use and oversimplification the word "good" applied to character means something like "safe," "dull," or curiously, "non-enjoyer," "resister of no-no temptation," and "bad" becomes the forbidden desirable since "good" is blank.

Perhaps a concert of symphonic music is associated with "dullness" and "boredom." "Concert" - "Symphony" - "Classics" - the "Past!" - the Establishment! Ye gods! Even accumulated learning might have this stigma of "dullness" - ("no-no" operates from everywhere it seems). And so we do not like it all or suspect it. We can't be blamed. Associations do occur and the Establishments of all time have draped themselves with the flag of past arts.

Try these word association tests on friends and be surprised at how the above holds true generally and not necessarily to the young only. Of course, we all know there's something behind these words. Let's try to get into them AND back into the individual.

Just remember that no establishment ever owned the classics in ART or the past or present giants who created them. The great artists incidentally only thought "for" and not "of" themselves. The former aristocrats sponsored and sometimes "tolerated" the artists. As the Academy became a larger and larger institution in history, it "sanctified" the classics by making them a kind of standard which artists were supposed to emulate. The rebellion against this was the Romantic Revolution. We are still feeling the effects of this both good and bad. And today the Left tries to organize and direct the Arts for propaganda purposes. And so does the Right.

Listen to the 'Blue Danube Waltz. What? "Corn," "Barnum and Bailey." I know some people who would never stop sneering at this work. Strange. It seemed to evoke such a giant grace in the movie "2001 A.D." when the space station revolved with its melody. And incidentally the movie makers know only too well what music can do.

(Though not in all cases). The opening of that same movie introduced the dawn of man with "Zarathustra" by R. Strauss with its strong barbaric pounding and echoes of something menacing and portentous. Two opposite moods.

Now aside from every kind of comment that could be made regarding this work, if the Blue Danube evoked a gentle, gracious and pleasant mood in you, then enjoy it and a plague on the remarks to the contrary. There will be those who will say, "If that's what you want, listen to this, it's more current. . . .," or some other deviation to convince you of your state of mental senility. Finally, it is helpful and good to know so many facts about this or that Art form including history and technical data but finally, and ultimately - what is your reaction to it? And how about the images some music evokes?

Giants dance. And when they do, the earth shakes and rumbles in titanic pleasure. It is a huge, ponderous rhythm. Made from the great mountains and clouds the music roars a huge pleasure. It's there from the beginning because flutes and woodwinds try the theme with quick impatience and move on, swept into the giant tide. It is huge, earthy, joy. And precisely made, fully controlled, planned and executed - far bigger and more soul cleansing than any wild, spontaneous noise. Like huge ocean waves, spaced, measured, powerful, enveloping and flooding as if no end or beginning are or were involved. The horns roar a brassy joy. And this the Beethoven Seventh Symphony.

There's a reason for the number and variety of instruments in a large orchestra. Our moods and feelings are not merely black and white. Listen well and refine your reactions to the variety of sounds and tones. Now they are held, and now changing every instant.

They'll give you quiet melodies featuring a single instrument and it will wander smoothly up and down in a most sleepy and languorous way that you'll feel the soft, hot summer wind and smell the deep forests with all their creatures quietly listening to the erotic and oh so sensuous *Afternoon Of A Faun* by Debussy.

Passion. Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*. Strange reveries and wild dreams. Everything the composer himself intended might be experienced in this music and although it may not be his original objective to have this or that effect which YOU may feel upon hearing it, the intensity and variety is certainly there. Ruminating dreams, with strange shapes, with dark reds, blacks and purples. The melody is sometimes so childlike in its simplicity. There are spasms of fierce passion. Sure he can mark this passage "the March to the Scaffold," because it has just that quality. How can you fit gloom and ferocity together? It's here. Who needs pot when you can listen to the "Witch's Sabbath?" Wild, unearthly creatures dance furiously and with fierce passion in this work which includes groans and shrieks of the damned. (You'll think of Goethe's Faust because it helped inspire this work.) Complete with church bells and shrieks of fear and exultation, this work picks up the emotions, paces and races them, shakes, rattles and pounds them, flashing unearthly colors and shapes just slow enough for awareness but too fast for conscious identification.

I know my poor words barely transmit the idea of the music and I wish I could simply play these works and so so many more for you and have you enjoy the variety of excitements they arouse. □

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